

THE · BATTLE ·
OF · NEW · YORK

BY

WILLIAM · O · STODDARD



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The Battle of New York.

THE BATTLE OF NEW YORK

A STORY FOR ALL YOUNG PEOPLE

BY

WILLIAM O. STODDARD

AUTHOR OF CROWDED OUT O' CROFIELD, LITTLE SMOKE,
DAB KINZER, TALKING LEAVES, ETC.



NEW YORK
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY
1892

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PRINTED AT THE
APPLETON PRESS, U. S. A.

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THE BATTLE OF NEW YORK.

CHAPTER I.

THE CITY IN WAR-TIME.



HE bayonets gleamed brightly in the sun, as their steady rows came up the avenue. A strong squad of blue-coated policemen marched in advance to clear the way, and behind them marched the band.

“Ur-r-r-ur-rub-a-dub-dub-boom-bomb-ur-rr-whang-clang!” for at that moment the shrilling of the fifes and the roll of the drums were lost in a clash of cymbals and in a storm of martial music.

That grand burst of sound lasted only for a minute or so, and then a tune which Barry Redding knew seemed to find wings and to spread them and fly up above all other noises, so that it could make itself heard. It was very sweet, but Barry clung to the

lamp-post against which the crowd was jamming him and said aloud:

"Yes, it's 'Home, Sweet Home.' I never heard it sound that way before, though. Guess they're all glad enough to get home."

There was indeed something like a wail in that music. Perhaps that was what he meant. Close beside him stood a ragged woman who was crying.

"No! he won't come back," she said. "He went out with them, as brave a man as ever marched, but there isn't any coming home for him."

"That's war!" solemnly remarked a well-dressed and rather large man who was bracing himself to keep from being shoved off the sidewalk.

"Mighty little you know 'bout war!" savagely insinuated a sharp-faced little fellow, with tremendous black mustaches, who was trying to squeeze his head through the jam and get a look at the band.

"Don't I?" replied the big man. "Well, if I don't, you needn't pull that sleeve so. It's been empty ever since Bull Run, but it hurts yet to jerk it."

"Beg pardon, comrade!" suddenly and very respectfully responded the small man, looking up at him. "I didn't see your sleeve. All O. K.! I was out two years and didn't get hit once."

"You didn't have half the chance I did, though. Not so much of a target."

"That's so—for bullets, but I got blowed up. Lit on my feet in a swamp."

Barry looked at the empty sleeve and wondered how the owner of it could be so jolly and self-satisfied about it; but just then the woman who was crying said:

"Hark! what's that?"

"'Hail, Columbia,' " replied Barry, but she was not speaking of the music.

The band had marched away on, before it changed its tune. Several carriages had followed it, and then mounted men and men on foot. Next there was led along a well-fed, proud-looking horse, carrying an empty saddle, with a sheathed sword hanging at its pommel.

"That's the old colonel's horse. He was killed at Chancellorsville."

"There comes the regiment!"

"All that's left of them. Not more'n a hundred, and they went out pretty near a thousand strong."

Barry heard it all. He heard a number of other remarks about the army and about what the war was costing, but his ears heard it for him on their own account. He was himself busy only with his eyes, for next after the riderless horse marched several ranks of men in weather-beaten uniforms.

"I'm glad they got back," said Barry. "Don't I wish 'twas father's regiment!"

They marched well, and there was a kind of light upon their bronzed and hardy faces. There was something buoyant and swinging in the way they stepped along, and one of them carried the raggedest flag Barry had ever seen.

"I s'pose those are bullet-holes," he said. "It got torn, too, in some o' the battles."

"Wow-oo-ow-wow!" sounded mournfully just behind him, and he looked around to see a setter dog with his muzzled head lifted, sending out a long howl, as if he too were thinking of the soldiers who did not come back.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Barry. "None o' your folks volunteered. My father's been out ever since the war began."

"Bully for him!" exclaimed the one-armed man. "But Cham always howls when he hears 'Hail, Columbia.' "

"Well he might!" came to Barry's ears, in a kind of snarl, from somebody at his left; and the small black-mustached man seemed to bristle angrily as he turned quickly to answer:

"What's that? What did that fellow say against 'Hail, Columbia?'"

"Hurrah!" shouted Barry. "The Seventh!"



Return of the regiment.

Everybody turned to look, and there they came. The full, close ranks were in splendid drill. Their bayonets flashed in the sunshine. They seemed to Barry a perfectly ideal regiment; and now their band, which had been silent, except for a time-keeping drum-beat, broke out into something stirring which quickly changed into "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching."

Barry admired them exceedingly, but he was still thinking of the man who carried the ragged flag.

"Only a few of that veteran regiment got home—only a hundred out of a thousand," he said to himself, as he let go of the lamp-post to march with the crowd. "I wish father wasn't in the army. What's the use o' war?"

Then he heard somebody saying:

"Will it be over soon? No, sir; it won't. The South'll never give up. It's 1863 now, and there's no telling how many more years it'll last."

"No, it won't," said the man who had spoken against "Hail, Columbia." "Lincoln can't get any more volunteers, and they daren't actually draft men."

"Daren't they? Can't they?" came excitedly from some man near the curb-stone. "I'm going, for one. I shan't wait to be drafted. It made me ashamed of myself to look at those fellows. I've as good a right

to go and get killed as any man in that regiment ever had. I wish I had gone before."

Barry's ears did not seem to miss anything, nor his eyes. He did not walk fast, for he was drifting with a stream of people; and every pair of feet among them was keeping time with the music. He could march well enough, for he was a tall, slender fellow—at least an inch longer than could fairly be expected of a fourteen-year-old boy. He had grown upward, however, without properly widening; and he gave the impression of being too narrow for his length. His arms were long and so were his legs. He wore a narrow-brimmed straw hat, that came well down over his closely-cropped brown head and was cocked a little on one side. He was straight enough, however; and there was nothing slouching or listless about him.

The next remark that he made was to himself, and it referred directly to the matter of his own looks.

"There's a great deal in a uniform," he said. "That's a fact. But if I should join the army now my uniform wouldn't fit me more'n a week. I wonder what on earth makes me grow so fast. I look like a guy!"

He must have grown very well since first putting on the blue flannel suit he wore, for he was reaching out beyond it in all directions. His neck seemed all

the longer because of his coat collar coming up no higher than it did; and too much of him was wrists and ankles. The next thing he did was to wheel discontentedly out of that marching column on the sidewalk and take his own course down a cross-street, while the returned volunteers and their escort and their music paraded on to show themselves in other parts of the city.

Barry's face grew very questioning indeed as he walked along. Something was troubling his mind, and at last it broke right out.

"What is war?" he asked aloud. "What right has government to do it, anyhow, and have so many men killed?"

He had not expected any answer, but something like one was given him.

A pair of rapid feet had been catching up with his own, and he heard:

"If there was not any goffernment there would not be any war. All ofer the world it is so." It was the "Hail, Columbia" man again.

"Hullo, Palovski!" exclaimed Barry, turning toward him. "Going back to the barber-shop?"

"I had to go downtown. The goffernment haf enrolled me. They haf enrolled efery man. They clean out the barber-shop. Down with the goffernment!"

It was evident that whatever else Palovski might be he was not an American—not a patriot—and that he did not wish to be made a soldier of.

“Going to be drafted, are you?” said Barry. “Somebody’s got to go. If I were old enough I guess I wouldn’t wait to be drafted.”

“You go some day,” said Palovski. “The gofferment grab you by and by.”

“I wouldn’t care,” replied Barry, “if they’d let me take father’s place, so he could come home and take care of mother.”

“I tell you,” exclaimed Palovski, loudly, “when the people haf their rights—no more gofferment! no more war!”

He seemed to have but one idea in his head, although there was room for more. In fact, it was a head almost too large for a man of his size; but he evidently had all the strength needed to carry it. He was short and dark and muscular, but he somehow did not seem at all well shaped. He was not handsome, for his mouth was narrow and thin-lipped and his sallow features looked as if they were withered, although he was apparently quite young, and his mustaches were only a thin pair of black lines. He was plainly but not badly dressed, and he wore a bright red ribbon in one of his coat button-holes.

“Well,” said Barry, “I s’pose soldiers don’t get as

good wages as you do. I wish I knew how to earn something."

"There ought not to be any wages," snarled Palovski. "We ought to be all supported by the government. There must be no rich men."

"Well," responded Barry, who was very much puzzled, "they couldn't be supported if there weren't any government."

That seemed to set Palovski's tongue going. He was no taller than Barry, but he seemed to consider himself a hundred times as old—older than anybody else and wiser. He spoke English freely and with only a slight accent, and now, as they walked along, he talked some of the queerest stuff Barry had ever listened to. He understood some of it, or thought he did, especially what Palovski said he himself and others had suffered under the tyrant governments of Europe. Then Palovski said the government of the United States was just as bad, levying taxes and carrying on war. It was a tyranny, and should be wiped away. Then there would be a brand-new concern, invented and put together by such men as Palovski. Under this there would be no war, no soldiers, no police, no prisons, no judges, and, above all, no rich men. All men would be expected to work a little, but all would do so without wages, for they would be supported by the government.

It was evident that Barry had heard his queer acquaintance talk before, but never so freely and fully, nor so fiercely; for Palovski's bitterest wrath had been stirred up by the fact that he was now in danger of being drafted into the army. He explained to Barry just how it was—how there were not men enough volunteering to fill up the army; how all the men in the land fit for soldiers were hunted out by government officers, and lists of them made: how, when men were wanted, their names were taken from these lists by a kind of lottery, and each man drawn in the lottery would have to go, unless he could pay three hundred dollars or find another man to go in his place. So, said Palovski, a man who had plenty of cash could get out, while the men who had none must go and be killed in a war they hated and for a tyrant government they did not care to sustain.

"That means you," said Barry, thoughtfully. "It doesn't mean father or me. I hate the war, but I'm going soon's I'm old enough."

"Oh!" said Palovski, "you wait and get into camp and be drilled. I was there. You be flog once——"

"I'd kill any man that flogged me!" exclaimed Barry. "They don't flog men in our army. You were in Europe."

That was true, but he was willing to hear, as they

went on together uptown, all that Palovski had to tell him of the terrors of military discipline.

While Barry was getting that part of an answer to his question about war, the returned veterans and their music and their splendid escort had marched on up the avenue. All along their line of march there were crowds of people to welcome them, and there were flags hung out of the houses. It was a proud day for all that was left of that brave band of volunteers.

So it seemed to be, too, for a great many of the people who watched them from the sidewalk, as if whatever glory had been won was being cut up like a cake and passed around for all who wanted some to take a piece.

At last they wheeled to cross through a narrow street to reach another avenue. The escort had to fold up its ranks to do so, but the veterans did not. It was a street of pretty well-built houses, and it went up a moderate hill. There were only a few flags visible, perhaps because nothing to bring them out was expected; but at just about the middle of the block there was a very unlooked-for sensation. There was a high-stoop, brown-stone fronted house that carried two flags. One was a large, bright-looking Stars and Stripes, that was swung vigorously from a parlor window by a very bright-eyed, middle-aged woman.

"Hurrah!" she shouted. "My husband's in the Forty-second!"

"Halt!" exclaimed the officer in command of the veterans. "Now, boys, three cheers for her and for him! Three cheers for the boys in line and the women at home!"

The men stood still as one man, rifle on shoulder and hat in hand, swinging to their enthusiastic cheers; but at that moment a slight, bare-headed, girlish form stepped lightly out upon the stoop of the house. She, too, carried a flag, and she waved it with all her might as she shouted, in a clear but tremulous voice:

"Hurrah for the Sunny South!"

The flag she swung was not large, but it was brilliant. It was a silken, tasselled Stars and Bars, the banner of the Confederacy. Just behind her, firm as a rock, and with a face full of defiance, stood another middle-aged woman, darker and taller than the first; and she said:

"My husband fell with Stonewall Jackson at Chancellorsville!"

There was yet another form in the doorway, and one of a pair of large and very black hands was pulling at the woman's dress, while the other reached for that of the girl.

"Lor' bress you, Missus Randolph! You an' Miss Lily come into de house!"

There were at once rude outcries among the rougher part of the people on the sidewalk, but the veteran officer sang out to his men:

"Boys! she's all right! We're all soldiers. Three cheers for the plucky little reb that stood by her father's flag! One, two—now!"

The brave fellows cheered with a will and a tiger-r and the girl waved her flag; but her mother turned to go into the house, crying and saying:

"God bless real soldiers, anyhow!"

"Come into de house, Miss Lily!"

"No, I won't, Diana. Not till they're all gone by."

"Yes, you will, Miss Lily. That there crowd isn't all sojers. Dey's loafers in it. Dey might grab de flag. Come in!"

"I swung it, anyhow!" she said, as she reluctantly yielded to Diana's urgency and her pulling.

Large and strongly-made was Diana Lee, and at the next instant she stepped quickly out past Lilian Randolph and asked of a fellow who was already half-way up the steps:

"Wot you want heah?"

"I want that Confed flag! I'm a-going to have it, too."

"No, you ain't, honey!" replied the mellow, mocking voice of Diana. "You kin go right down de steps, or I'll help ye. You ain't any kine of sojer. You's one

of dem fellers 'at couldn't be hired to go. Hope de draf' 'll git ye!"

"Bring me that flag!"

"No, ye don't, honey!" said Diana, as she squared herself before him and held a dangerous-looking black fist very near his nose. "You go an' foller de Stars an' Stripes aw'ile, an' I'll talk wid ye. Go an' fight somethin' more'n a little Virginny gal. Fight some o' the Virginny men!"

"That's the talk!" came loudly up from the sidewalk. "Give it to him, aunty! Let him do his flag-snatching in a blue uniform."

"Come in, Lilian!" It was Mrs. Randolph's voice, still intensely excited and defiant, but it was Diana who shoved them both before her and closed the door, throwing back at the fellow on the steps a bitterly sarcastic:

"Loafer, go an' be a sojer!"

CHAPTER II.

A DARK ENIGMA.

MRS. REDDING did not close her window after the soldiers and the crowd went by. She only drew in her flag and stood it up in a corner, where it seemed to rest and look at her. She had not yet taken her eyes from it, and there was a bright flush on her face. It almost seemed as if she and the flag were talking, while a heavy step came in at the outer door and through the hall into the parlor.

"Mrs. Redding," rasped a harsh, menacing voice, "I don't care to have any extreme p'litical demonstrations in any haouse that b'longs to me!"

"Mr. Hunker!" exclaimed Mrs. Redding, in astonishment. "Why, what do you mean? This house is mine so long as I pay for it. Mrs. Randolph is a Southern woman, sir. She is a soldier's widow. She can wave her flag if she wishes."

The flush on her face had grown deeper, and Lilian was thinking:

"How handsome she is!"

"That isn't what I mean," replied Mr. Hunker. "I'm agin the Linkin government myself. Jest don't you swing out no more cussed Union flags!"

"I'll do as I please, and I don't care to hear that kind of talk."

"No, ye won't! not in any haouse of mine. I know haow you're doin' in your boardin'-haouse business. You can't pay your rent, and you've got to, or break the lease. I won't let up on ye. It's only half what I can git naow. I've another tenant ready."

"He won't get it, then," responded Mrs. Redding, with energy; "and you can leave this house."

"I want to see that lady from the Saouth," said Mr. Hunker. "I'm landlord here. The Saouth has its friends in New Yoark."

Mrs. Randolph and Lilian had retreated into the back parlor already, and now a voice came that sounded as if two had begun to speak and one had finished it:

"We don't want to see him, Mrs. Redding."

"Leave the house, Mr. Hunker," repeated Mrs. Redding. "You'll get your rent when the time comes."

"I don't knaow 'bout that, but don't ye swing no more flags!"

Just then some man at the door shouted:

"Come along, Hunker! I can't wait."

"I'm coming," replied the well-dressed but very coarse-looking, unpleasant-voiced friend of the Scuth, turning to go; and he added to Mrs. Redding, "Mind, naow, you'll pay or quit!"

Hardly was he out before there stood Mrs. Randolph with tears in her eyes.

"You have been so good and kind, but I'm getting desperate. I can't run in debt to you any more. My money's all gone, and I don't know when any more will come. They watch so closely. Nobody can get through the lines. You can't keep boarders for nothing. It's two months——"

"How I wish we were back in old Virginia!" mourned Lilian.

"I've thought of all that," said Mrs. Redding, and neither of them noticed that she had picked up the flag and was smoothing it affectionately, with a far-away look on her face.

"You and Lilian can go right along till your help comes. We'll manage it somehow. I've part of the rent ready."

"But how can we stay?" said Mrs. Randolph.

"You've nowhere else to go," replied her landlady. "I have to be out of doors a good deal. You and she can help me care for the house and see that I'm not robbed."

"There's a great deal of waste," said Mrs. Randolph,

thoughtfully. "There always is in a boarding-house, I suppose."

"That's my trouble," replied Mrs. Redding, "and everything costs so in paper money. It takes twice as much to live as it used to. Barry must find something to do, or I can't make both ends meet. A dollar's less than half a dollar nowadays."

"It's worse than that down South," said Lilian. "Oh, dear! when will this war be over?"

"We won't worry. It's got to end some time. My part of it's right here," said Mrs. Redding.

Mr. Palovski, walking with Barry, at that moment flourished his hand and remarked, dramatically:

"The war and the gofferment are breaking down! This draft is the end of both of them. It is a tax for men! For so much blood! It is tyranny, my poy! It will not be collected. You will see. We will not be drafted."

His dark face grew fiercer and more scowling. His eyes seemed to flash fire. He even looked like a larger man.

Barry did not yet quite understand the draft and how it was to be done, but he could understand that a barber earning good wages, not much of an American anyhow, might be ready to run away if the government were reaching out to make a soldier of him.

"Here's your shop," was all the reply he made, however, and Palovski strutted into it, leaving him upon the sidewalk.

"They'll have to go if they're wanted," Barry said to himself. "But what's mother going to do for money? She'll lose the house if she can't pay her rent. I must do something. But I'm glad father's in the war."

Just then a very loud, shrill voice shouted into his right ear:

"A-axtry! 'Er'ld! Great battle on the P'to-mick!"

Barry whirled around like a top, but no paper was held out to him; neither was there much of anything else, except a wonder that so much voice should come from so small and slim a boy. He must have been made up mainly of throat and lungs. Well, he did have a very wide mouth. He was built, perhaps, all over with reference to his mouth, and he was therefore just the kind of fellow to sell newspapers.

"Is that you, Kid?" said Barry. "Where are all your papers?"

"Sold 'em all," replied the newsboy, cheerfully. "Made seventy-five cents since breakfast. Goin' home to dinner."

"That's just what I'll do," exclaimed Barry; but he was not thinking of dinner, for he added:

"I've got to do something to help mother. I'll pitch in and sell papers."

"Well," said Kid, a little doubtfully, "I dunno. Mebbe you can do it. Get her to give you a dollar to start on. Some fellers just can't, though."

"Why," said Barry, "I should think any fellow could sell newspapers. It's easy enough."

"Now is it?" said Kid, with energy. "You try it on and see 'f it is. No kind of whiner'll make a good newsboy."

"I'm no kind of whiner," replied Barry, with some indignation.

"I know you ain't," said Kid, looking up at him in a fatherly way. "You might do. Tell you what, though! if I can get at a man so I can hoot into his ear I can sell him every time—startle him out o' five cents. You can screech good. When you set out, though, take a 'sortment."

"What's that?" asked Barry.

"Why," explained Kid, "it's the same thing, mornin' or evenin'. Some fellers don't care what they buy, if it's news; but mostly a *Tribune* feller won't take a *World* or a *Her'ld*, and some on 'em'll turn away from you if you haven't the *Times* or the *Sun*. It's just so in the afternoon. A feller that wants the *Post* or the *Commershil 'Tiser*'ll give you a lickin' if you try the *Express* on him. Anyhow,



The spy on Wall Street.

soon's your first lot's out, don't you yell anything but extrys, no matter what you've got. Everybody wants battles, and so they all want extrys."

"That's so," nodded Barry.

"Tell you what," said Kid, "I can tell a feller's politics soon's I see him, but 'twon't do to make a mistake. You bet it won't! If his side's winning, though, he may give you a quarter."

They had talked until they were in front of Mrs. Redding's, and they separated there; but not until Barry had agreed to go downtown with Kid Vogel right away after dinner.

All the while that Barry had been walking and talking a very different kind of boy had been walking in another part of the city. It was not a very wide street. There was a stone church, with a tall spire and a clock, at one end of it; and the other end ran into the water, or rather it was covered over with a ferry-house.

The buildings were of brick or stone, and some of them were handsome. All along where the boy was walking the signs on either side said "Bank," "Bank," "Banker," "Broker," or something of that sort; and the boy seemed to be studying them.

It was not easy to guess what business so black and so ragged a boy could have to do in Wall Street, or with bankers or brokers; but nobody asked him any

questions. He went along looking up at the signs, and his face wore a wearied, anxious expression. It brightened suddenly as he exclaimed:

"Washington Vernon & Co., Bankers. I'll go right in."

Up the stone steps he went, and in another moment he was inside of the door of an elegant business office, asking:

"Please, sah, is Mars' Vernon in?"

"Get out, you black imp!" replied a surprised growl from behind a counter. "What do you want here?"

There was no question but that he looked remarkably out of place, but he persisted:

"Yes, sah, if you please, I want to see Mars' Washington Vernon."

He spoke respectfully, but in so clear and loud a voice that he was heard through an open door by somebody in a room behind that office. It was a kind of financial business parlor, apparently. A tall, old-looking man arose quickly from his chair at a desk and shouted:

"Simpson! show him in!"

"Humph!" exclaimed Simpson. "This isn't any place for niggers. They ought to be all killed, anyhow. What does old Vernon want of a scarecrow like that?" The growl he began in had been half-suppressed, but it grew louder as he added: "Go right

in, Charcoal! Mr. Vernon is in there. Two more like you'd make the room so dark I'd have to light the gas."

He was a burly, middle-aged man, with a red neck-tie and a diamond pin; and no doubt he was born with a right to be brutal to poor black boys.

The boy he had now been brutal to did not reply to him, but walked on into the other room. The tall old man stood by his desk, with a look of sharp, watchful interest upon his face.

"Is you Mars' Vernon?" asked the boy.

"My name is Washington Vernon. What is your name?"

"Oh!" said the boy, speaking low, "I's no name at all. I's on'y got lef."

"Right!" said Mr. Vernon. "Now let me see if you have. Hand it to me!"

How he did watch that boy! He, too, looked in the banker's face as he went to the desk and put down his left hand, palm up, with its fingers spread out in a peculiar way, and said, "Stone."

Mr. Vernon at once put down his own left hand, across the small black hand, in the same fashion, and said, "Wall."

The boy followed with his right hand, and said, "Jack;" and the banker's right hand followed as he added, "Son."

"Shenandoah," said the boy.

"That'll do!" exclaimed Mr. Vernon; "but the next word will be Susquehanna. It won't be long, either."

"No, sah," said the boy quickly, while the banker stepped to the door and shut and bolted it; "but it's de Hudson, sah, an' de lakes. Dey's a-comin'!"

He was rapidly pulling off his coat as he spoke. It was rusty and ragged, but it had a lining; and there was a slit in this at the collar, and out of that slit the boy drew a long, thin packet covered with india-rubber cloth. He handed it to Mr. Vernon, saying:

"I tole de gin'ral I's gwine to give ye that. You's jis one ob ouah folks. Now I's got anoder erran' to do uptown. Reckon I'd bes' be gwine."

"Come here to-morrow, anyhow," said the banker, commandingly. "I'll know what to do by that time."

"All right, Mars' Vernon! Reckon ye will. I'll come," said the boy.

"There's ten dollars," began the banker. "That's for current expenses. I'll let you have more."

"No, you won't, Mars' Vernon," replied the boy, not holding out any hand for the money. "I's got enough. I's gwine to come an' see you agin to-morrow. I's a gen'lman, I is."

Mr. Vernon was an astonished man, but only his

face said so. It was indeed a wonder—a black boy of that size and rig absolutely refusing to take a ten-dollar bill! But all he said was:

“Go ahead, then, but don’t fail to come. I shall be here all day.”

“I’s a-comin’, suah,” said the queer youngster; and he seemed to be even in haste as he went out into the street.

“I am glad that is done,” he remarked to himself on the sidewalk. “If I’m caught now, they can’t fairly shoot me. Not for anything they’d find on me. They might shoot old Vernon, though, or hang him.”

However that might be, the banker was now sitting at his desk, and was reading with seemingly intense interest one of several written papers which he had taken out of the black boy’s packet. Mr. Simpson, meantime, was busy with other men in the outer office.

Up at Mrs. Redding’s the noonday meal, or “lunch,” was not so important as that which was eaten at six o’clock, when the masculine boarders came home from business. This latter was apt to last a long time, for some of them were sure to come late; and that was one more reason why Mrs. Redding was glad to have help from Mrs. Randolph. One woman, she said, was not enough to run so large a household.

“Lilian,” said her mother at noon, just before they

went downstairs, "I don't care if Mrs. Redding is a Yankee; she is a noble, generous-hearted woman."

"So she is, mother," said Lilian, with emphasis. "She's in trouble, too. I'm glad I swung that flag, anyhow! Soldiers are splendid!"

"So am I," said Mrs. Randolph. "Come! That boy Barry ought to be doing something. He's old enough."

"I'm glad he isn't old enough to be a soldier," said Lilian. "I'm glad the North can't get any more men. There's more chance for the South."

There was evidently a great deal of war spirit in that house, but they all thought better of Barry before luncheon was over. He talked about the veterans and about the flag-swinging, and he even mentioned Mr. Palovski and the draft; but he had ten times as much to say concerning Kid Vogel and the fortunes that were to be made by newsboys. His mother heard him in a kind of thoughtful silence, until Lilian remarked:

"Why, do newsboys really make money? I mean, anything much? Such a lot of little, ragged——"

"Some of them do," interrupted Barry. "Smart fellows, like Kid."

"Barry!" sharply exclaimed Mrs. Redding. "Go ahead! It can't be helped. You can earn your own clothes, anyhow."

"I believe I can," said Barry cheerfully; "and I mean to get a suit that's three sizes too large and just grow into it."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Lilian. "I would, if I were you."

That was nearly the end of the talk. He ate the rest of his lunch in a hurry, and then he darted out of the house, with a dollar in his pocket, saying to himself:

"Palovski says there oughtn't to be any capital, but if mother hadn't some how'd I get set up in the news business?"

So far his new idea seemed to be getting along very well; but it was not so with the ideas and purposes of all other people.

If any boy, for instance, who has never before been in a great city sets out all alone to find one particular house in it, he may have his difficulties cut out for him. It does not help him at all, moreover, if he is poor and black and shabby-looking. The black boy who had called at Vernon & Co.'s walked away from the banking office briskly.

"Mr. Simpson called me Charcoal," he remarked. "Well, one name's as good as another. I can find that place. I know I can; but it's away uptown. I guess I won't walk—I'll ride."

He was already going up Broadway, and nobody

paid him any attention so long as he walked steadily along with the kind of everlasting procession that walks there during business hours. Opposite the City Hall, however, he stood still, considering with himself:

“I wish I knew which street-car to take.”

At that instant he was whirled around by a shock that staggered him, and heard:

“Get out o’ the way, Nig! I want to catch that car.”

Another shock seemed to catch him, and he was propelled against a lamp-post with some vigor by a big man who said:

“Mind whom you run against, Sooty! Take that.”

The black boy glanced this way and that, in breathless indignation.

“I daren’t say a word!” he exclaimed. “Ruffians! Brutes! Dressed like gentlemen, too! Can’t they tell?—no, they can’t! I’ll just hurry and take any uptown car.”

He walked fast across the open space, and tried hard to do as he had said. He saw car after car pause to take in passengers who motioned to the drivers to stop, and he himself not only motioned but shouted; and it was as if he had hurried them along.

“Why won’t they stop?” he exclaimed. “Now I’ll get into this one. ’Tisn’t full.”

It was not, and he succeeded in boarding it and in

being carried along for some distance. The conductor was collecting fares forward, however; and just as he reached the place where Charcoal—if that was to be his name—held out a five-cent slip of paper currency, a man exclaimed loudly:

“Put him out, conductor!”

And another added:

“We don’t want any cause-o’-the-war in this car. Out with him! He’s a blackbird.”

“Get right out!” said the conductor, putting a hand on Charcoal’s collar.

“No, I won’t! I’ve as good a right—I’m a gentleman——”

There the black boy suddenly stopped, and seemed in double haste to escape from that car and from the storm of derisive utterances which replied to him.

The car did not entirely stop to let him off, and his jump from it sent him too far. It sent him against two neatly-dressed young fellows who were crossing the street; and one of them sent him on into a heap of dusty street-sweepings. He arose from it looking worse than ever, just as a woman on the sidewalk exclaimed:

“Do look at that contraband! Why, he’s a scarecrow! That fellow ought to have been ashamed of himself to have kicked him, though.”

Through all his blackness it could be seen that

Charcoal was furiously angry. He seemed to swell with wrath as he shook his fist after those two trim-looking youths, but he was silent, except that he half-whispered:

“I must bear it! Kicked! cuffed! blackguarded! Well, I knew this trip would cost me something. Hurrah for General Lee! He’s coming!”

CHAPTER III.

GIVE US A VICTORY.

 HE barber-shop in which Mr. Palovski was employed was two squares away from Mrs. Redding's. He was in it after dinner, but he was not shaving anybody. It was not the time of day for a rush of customers, and he was busied only with a lot of razors, a hone, and a strop.

If the razors needed sharpening, he did not; but it seemed to do him inward good to bring each of them in turn to the finest kind of edge. It was not altogether because they would then do easier work upon men's faces, for at last he said to another barber who was standing near him folding towels:

"There! that would cut the throat of the goffernment, if I had it in the right place."

Barry had a private interview with his mother, and went downtown in a street-car. He hardly saw or heard anything in the car, for all his thoughts had gone away ahead of him, and he did not catch up with them until he reached City Hall Square and

looked up at the signs of the newspapers which dotted the fronts of almost all the buildings of Park Row.

"That's why they call it Newspaper Row," he said. "There's just lots of them. Glad they're not all dailies, though."

He was out of the car when he said it, and there was Kid waiting for him.

"Hullo, Barry!" said Kid, in a moderate tone of voice—for him. "There won't be any papers to-day, of any 'count, till three o'clock. Not 'nless there's a two-o'clock extr'y."

"Will there be one?" asked Barry, fingering his dollar bill. "I want to begin."

"Dunno," said Kid, thoughtfully. "But it's a good day for us. There's a big battle gittin' ready for us, but you can't say just when it'll git here. All the millish are goin' out to fight in it. Seventh, Twelfth, Ninth—oh, all of 'em! There won't be any sojers left in the city. They're goin' all day to-day an' to-night. Most of 'em are gone. Oh, but won't there be extr'ys to sell while they're a-fightin'!"

"Loads!" exclaimed Barry, but Kid added:

"Besides, old Grant, he's gittin' himself awfully licked at Vicksburg. He's got to let go of the reb army there."

"No, he hasn't," interrupted Barry, sharply. "I've read about that. He's going to fight them till they

give in. There's a Southern girl, though, up at our house—she and her mother say General Lee's coming right on to take New York. He's going to take Baltimore and Philadelphia first, and then he's coming right on here—unless he gets himself whipped so bad he can't."

Kid seemed just then to be squirming a little over an idea which had come to him.

"Well, I hope he won't," he said. "First thing he'd do after he got here he'd shut up all the newspapers. They're all against him nowadays, worse'n they are against old Grant for gittin' used up at Vicksburg. I guess he'd let some of 'em go on printin', though, so's he could git papers for himself, if they'd on'y come out Confed instead of Union."

It was pretty plain that Kid had no narrow prejudices either way, and that he would be contented with any result of the war which did not interfere with the sale of newspapers. It was only a minute, however, before he broke out with:

"Come on, Barry! You've got to get posted 'bout things on Wall Street."

"I've been there," said Barry. "I know all about it."

"Come on," said Kid. "I'll show you suthin'."

Off they went, and Barry shortly found that Kid knew what he went for. The first thing he pointed

out after they got there was the Stock Exchange, with a crowd of men in front of it.

"See 'em!" said Kid. "When there's news, and when gold is teetering up and down, and when stocks are bobbing every which way, then's your time to sell papers! Hoot 'axtry' at 'em, and they'd buy an old sheet o' wrappin' paper. But lots o' fellers pitch right down here soon's any paper's out. You've got to race it to get here first. Now, come on!"

On they went, and Kid seemed to feel like lecturing; but right in the middle of something he was saying about "extrys" he halted.

"Look there!" he said. "But if Lee's army got here they'd gobble it all."

The place they paused before was a money "exchange office," with a large show-window.

"See?" said Kid. "All sorts. It's where they take in immigrants, too. Give 'em greenbacks and fracksh'n'l currency for all their gold and silver. See the gold piled up?"

"Yes," said Barry, staring at the gold. "But our money's as good as theirs is. It passes here."

"'Course it does," replied Kid, "but it takes two 'n a half of our dollars, and more too, to make a gold or silver dollar. Look at them white bills. That's reg'lar English. Bank of England, I know. Them others are German and all sorts."

No doubt the paper was money, but the gold and silver coins were what took Barry's eye; and it seemed to him as if he could hardly remember ever having touched one.

"Fives, tens, twenties," he said. "Tell you what, Kid! all that gold is just beautiful. Look at the silver, too. It can't come out till the war's over, though."

"Come on!" suddenly exclaimed Kid. "There's somethin' goin' on!"

They went back and looked for a moment. The crowd of men on the sidewalk in front of the Stock Exchange were shouting and gesticulating almost frantically.

"There's news o' some kind," said Kid, "or they wouldn't be cuttin' up like that. Tell you what, Shiner Murphy's goin' to buy the *Express* for him and me. I'll go for the *Post*. You go for the *C'mer-shil'd 'Vertiser*. We'll get the first lots and divide 'round, so we can spot any kind of feller. Shiner'll get in 'mong the first. He's a kind of eel."

He might be, and Barry determined to be another; but there were jams of boys in front of all the evening newspaper offices. There were men waiting behind the counters and there was a kind of system for getting the papers distributed rapidly.

Almost at the same moment, down from the upper

story of each of those tall buildings, came great batches of freshly-printed papers. There were tussles, twists, scrambles, and then the boys had the papers; and every boy began to yell his loudest the moment he squirmed out of the jam.

There were three who almost ran against each other on a street-corner.

"Trade quick, boys," said Shiner Murphy, excitedly. "I've sold five a'ready. They'll go like hot cakes!"

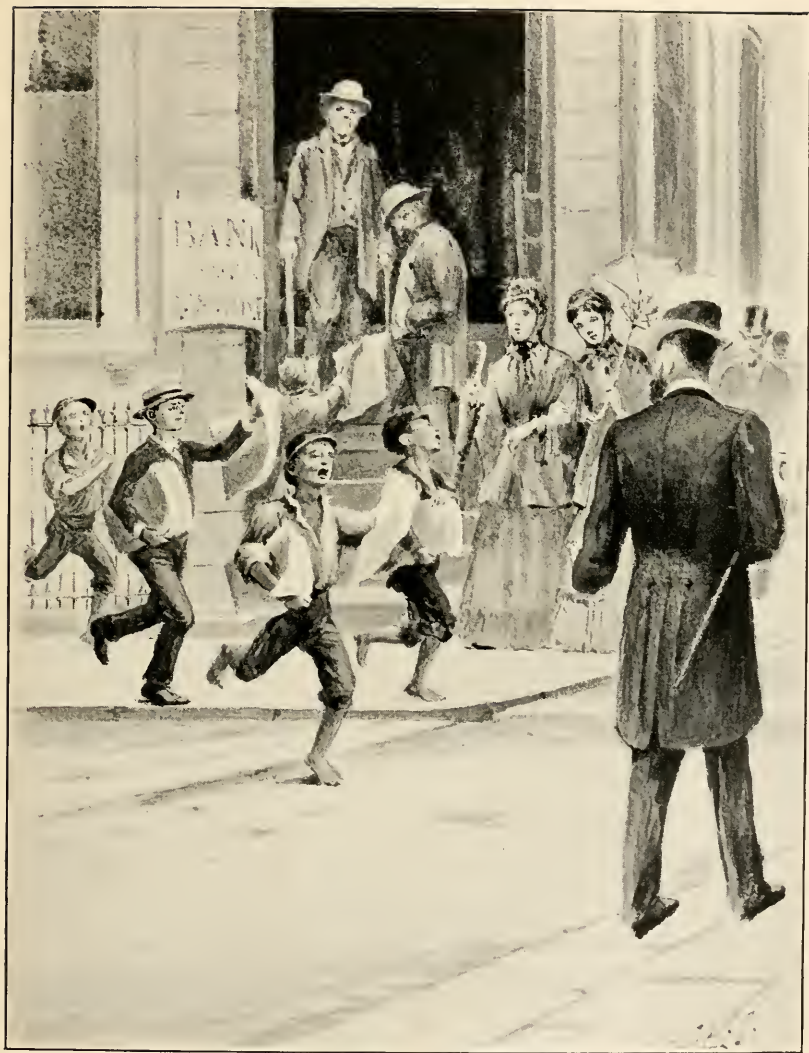
"Wall Street!" exclaimed Kid, as he and Barry arranged their assortments; and it did seem to Barry as if he had never before in his life been so excited as he was when he dashed away, shouting:

"Here's your *Evening Post*, *Express*, 'Vertiser! Great battle on the Potomac! News from Vicksburg, Grant, Lee's army, city o' Washington! Axtry!—yes, sir, five cents—all right!"

"Go it, Barry!" shouted Kid. "You'll do. ' Won't you be hoarse to-morrer, though!"

"Oh, but can't you hoot!" said Barry.

The energy and foresight and enterprise of Kid were indeed about to be rewarded. He and Barry and the Shiner were the first detachment of news-boys to reach Broad Street with the evening papers. The crowd in front of the Stock Exchange and its Gold Room was denser than ever and was more furiously excited.



Barry's first lesson at selling newspapers.

"Now, Shiner," said Kid, "you pitch in on this side. Barry can run around below, and I'll take 'em in the middle. Whoop!"

There was a whole lot of mixed yelling from each boy. It broke off into rapid sales of papers to excited men of all kinds and all parties. Barry's first idea was that his papers would all be gone in a wink. His next was that there were now about as many news-boys as there were stock-brokers and speculators, and that some of the new-comers had throats equal to that of Kid Vogel—almost.

"Boys!" he heard him shout, "cut for Broadway!"

They were just getting out of that crowd when Kid added:

"Go in, Barry! You'll do first-rate; but you're awful slow and careful 'bout makin' change. I saw——"

"No, I ain't. I know what you mean," said Barry. "'Twasn't a cent he dropped. 'Twas a gold eagle. He said he kept it so he shouldn't forget how it looked. Gave me a quarter for finding it."

"Served you right!" said Kid. "*Po-o-ost!*"

"Can't he?" said Shiner, admiringly. "Why, when his mouth's open his head's half off."

On they went, and Barry was ahead, for he was the best runner of the three; but somehow or other Kid

could sell more papers. They were all out quickly, and had to go for a fresh supply.

"Twice as much money as I started with," said Barry. "Part of it's that quarter, but I'll load up and sell 'em all the way home. General Lee's doing it!"

There could be no doubt but that the great Confederate general was stirring up the people of the North tremendously. The papers sold so fast because everybody was eager to know what he would do next. All the soldiers President Lincoln could gather, moreover, were on their way to meet the Southern army; and all the world knew that about the hardest battle of the war was very nearly at hand.

Some thought they knew more than others about what was coming, but some of the most knowing on both sides of the war were the most in doubt. Two men of that kind sat in the back office of Washington Vernon & Co., Bankers, with the door shut and bolted. Before them, spread on the table, were the papers brought to Mr. Vernon by the ragged boy his book-keeper had called Charcoal.

"What do you think, Mr. Mapleson?" asked Mr. Vernon. "How nearly are we ready to make our New York rising? They seem to expect a great deal of us—none too much!"

"Not a bit too much!" said Mr. Mapleson. "We

are ready now. If Lee will accomplish his part, I can do mine. I can have a provisional government in charge of New York, with all the forts and ships, and the Treasury, and the banks, and so forth, in my hands before he gets here. There's hardly enough men to mount guard in the forts now. Just one thing's in the way."

He was a dignified-looking, elderly man, with a stiff white mustache and cold, piercing blue eyes.

"What's that?" asked Mr. Vernon. "What cannot General Lee do?"

"He hasn't men enough," said Mr. Mapleson. "A hundred thousand isn't enough. He must win two victories, you see. He must win one over the Army of the Potomac before the day for the draft. Then about that time he must win another over all that's left of that army, with all the militia re-enforcements. If he will do that, or if he will win only one genuine sweeping victory, we can do the rest easily. Send your black boy back and tell General Lee just what I say. New York City will rise against the Lincoln government on the day fixed for enforcing the draft, if he will give us one victory. Can you trust your messenger? Even a cipher dispatch would be full of danger."

"He will be here again to-morrow," said Mr. Vernon, "and I will decide. I could not let him

stay in this office to-day, you know, for more than a minute or so."

"Of course not," replied Mr. Mapleson; and his voice grew deep and stern as he added: "I can take full possession of New York between twelve o'clock, midnight, and daylight of any day we agree upon after Lee wins his victory."

He took his hat and went out, and Mr. Vernon looked after him, remarking:

"There isn't a doubt of it! Ferdinand Mapleson could make a tremendous name for himself. He is a strong man. He could take the city; and then he could govern it well. And some people would call him a statesman and a patriot, and others, if they were beyond his reach, would call him by quite another name. They'd call him a traitor! They'd hang him, too!"

There were all sorts of opinions, therefore, about the war, and about the men who were carrying it on and the deeds they were doing or planning. Up at Mrs. Redding's boarding-house all things had gone on very quietly for a little while after dinner. Then, however, Diana Lee, in the kitchen, was startled by a loud ringing of the basement door bell.

"Thar!" she exclaimed. "That ar' good-fer-nuffin gal's somewhar' upstars. Reckon I'll 'tend doah myself."

To do so was evidently somewhat below her idea of her own dignity and duty, but she went. Hardly had she opened the door, before she exclaimed:

"Sho! w'ot you want heah, you brack vagabon'? Jes' you git out, now!"

She saw before her a very, very black boy, of perhaps about Barry's age, who wore a very dirty, ragged suit of butternut-colored clothing. He also seemed to wear an air of mystery and secrecy as he replied:

"Hush up, aunty! Does you know anybody roun' heah by de name of Randolph?"

"Dis is whar dey board," she replied, eying him from head to foot suspiciously. "Who's you, anyhow? I's Diana Lee."

"I's glad you's Dinah Lee," he said. "I doesn't b'long to de Lees. I's a Randolph. Jes' you tell 'em Uncle John sent me. I wouldn't ha' foun' de house, but I heard a feller tell 'bout Missy Lilian swung de flag."

Diana stared hard at him. She noticed that his hair was cut close to his head, so that his hat came down and covered nearly all of it, and that he was a decidedly handsome black boy, with a Roman nose and a jaunty way of holding up his head.

"Bress your soul, honey!" she said, at the end of her survey. "Reckon I know w'ot's w'ot. I'll tell

'em, right off. Dey's all good folks in dis house, now, I tell ye! Don't ye be 'feared ob Miss Redding."

"I will stay down here in the entry," he said in a low, clear voice, as Diana hurried upstairs with her errand.

She did not have to go further than the parlor before she met Lilian and her mother and whispered eagerly:

"Hark to me, now! I's got somethin' to tell ye, I has. You's got news from de Souf! Thah's a young feller heah from yer Uncle John. Jes' a kine o' colored boy. He's down at de doah."

"O mother!" whispered Lilian. "Let me go and see him!"

"Be still, dear!" said Mrs. Randolph. "If he is from your Uncle John the other side would call him a spy."

"No, dey wouldn't," protested Diana. "Why, sho! he's a heap bracker'n I be. Dey don't mind de colored folks comin' through."

Perhaps not, but Lilian had gone past her like a flash, and was already half-way down the stairs and her mother was trying to catch up with her before Diana was out of the parlor.

"Lilian!"

"Davis Randolph! You here?"

"Davis! O my son!"

"Mother!"

Their arms were around him and they kissed him frantically, but in a moment more he managed to say:

"Mother, this was the only way I could get through the Federal lines. They watch for spies, you know. But I had to come and see you and Lilian. I've brought loads of news, too—soon's we get where I can tell it."

"O my son, my son!" sobbed Mrs. Randolph. "What a terrible risk for you to run!"

"Dave!" exclaimed Lilian, "I'm as proud of you as I can be; but I'm glad Diana went to the door."

"Reckon she did!" came from a fiercely enthusiastic voice behind them. "You kin jes' trus' Dinah! Do you s'pose I'd hurt 'im? I's one ob de ole sort, I is! I's a Lec!"

She was proud enough of that family fact, but not so much so of another, for she added:

"How he did fool me, dough! Tell ye w'ot, Mars' Randolph! now you isn't a cullud pusson you's got to lookout foh yourself. De army folks'd shet ye up, suah."

"Mrs. Randolph!" was exclaimed excitedly at that moment, as Mrs. Redding herself came down the stairs.

"O Mrs. Redding!" replied Mrs. Randolph. "My only son! He made his way through the lines to come and see his mother."

"God bless him!" said Mrs. Redding fervently. "We will do all we can. Take him upstairs right away."

"And get the black off," said Lilian. "I'm just wild to have a good look at him."

"And I'll go out and get him some clothes," said his excited mother. "They mustn't find him in disguise, and say he's a spy."

"Oh, nonsense!" said Mrs. Redding. "They won't care how he came. He can't hurt the army. Don't I know what my husband would say?"

"You're just as good as you can be," said Lilian, "but I'm glad the black'll come off."

"I should say it would!" laughed Mrs. Redding. "Some of it's on your face now; and look at your mother's!" Diana was already chuckling over that fact so vigorously that nobody could make out what she was saying.

"Why, Lilian!" exclaimed Mrs. Randolph, "that's so! Come, Davis—come right along with me!"

In a few seconds more Mrs. Redding was alone. She held a paper in her hand, and she looked at it as she said to herself, in an almost bewildered way:

"Her son! How strange it all is! But I don't see what we are all going to do if Mr. Hunker takes the house. I thought I could pay him any time before the end of the quarter. I could have paid him up

before this if all of them had paid me. Turn us all into the street? The old villain! He can't and he shan't! I'll manage it somehow. We'll see! Something will come. I'm sure it will."

She looked very courageous for a moment, and then she turned and went upstairs with a slow, wearied step and an air of despondency. She was in a kind of war with circumstances, and in this particular battle of it she was sadly in need of re-enforcements.

CHAPTER IV.

THE NEWSBOYS.

MRS. RANDOLPH and Lilian took Davis up to their own room, declaring somewhat excitedly that they "would make him look like a gentleman before anybody had a chance to see him."

The moment the door of the room closed behind them, however, they both stood still and looked at him. There did not seem to be anything to admire, for he had been shoved around and tumbled and dusted, until all that could be seen was a very dirty, ragged young black fellow. His face, indeed, was shining with delight, through all its coloring; while the faces of his mother and sister were putting on expressions of almost hopeless despair.

"Why, we can't do anything for him!" burst from the lips of Lilian. "We haven't a penny!"

"O Davis!" exclaimed his mother desperately. "I've no money! I can't get you any clothes. I can't even pay our board. If it hadn't been for Mrs. Redding—— What shall we do?"

She was answered by a loud laugh of boyish exul-

tation that made her and Lilian open their eyes with surprise, but Davis was fumbling among what might be called the dark corners of his ragged coat, and was tearing open the waistband of his trousers.

"Thousand dollars!" he shouted. "There! Part of it is from Uncle John, and part of it is from some of our tobacco that ran the Charleston blockade. Some of Uncle John's Carolina cotton got through, too."

"Isn't that splendid?" said Lilian. "Dave, you're a darling! It's too good to be true!"

"Oh, my dear boy!" said his mother. "Now I can pay Mrs. Redding. We owe her for nearly three months' board. But how do they get hold of greenbacks down South?"

"That's easy enough," said Dave, counting over the money. "Some come by way of England. We get some every time we win a victory. Besides, there's a heap of trading done right through the army lines. Anyhow, General Lee is going to be in New York in a few weeks. He is on his way. He is in the Shenandoah Valley, marching north."

"Hurrah!" exclaimed Lilian, all but dancing. "Oh, if he will only come! Why, greenbacks? He'll get all there are here, and the North will have to pay the South back for what the war has cost. Isn't it grand?"

"I guess they couldn't do that," said Dave, "but he is coming."

"You are going to stay here——" began Mrs. Randolph.

"Just a little," said Dave. "I can't tell. But Uncle John says there are harder times coming for both sides."

"You're not going back?" said Lilian.

"I've got to," said Dave, "but I must learn all I can first. It's a kind of scouting duty."

All they wanted to say had to be cut off. The black boy had to go to the bath-room to change his complexion, while his mother and sister went out to buy him a suit of clothes.

"I wonder what Barry will say," remarked Lilian, as they went. "He won't hurt Davis. But oh, how good it is! Think of General Lee coming up and taking New York! How splendid it will be to see our own flag everywhere, and our soldier-boys marching through the streets!"

"Hush, Lilian!" said her mother. "Somebody might hear you."

"Let's buy a paper," replied Lilian, "and see what news they are printing."

They were not likely to have to wait long for a newsboy. One, in particular, was about to set out for his uptown business, and was getting some advice.

"Barry," said the Shiner wisely, "don't you ever say 'xactly w'ot the news is. Keep them big-type

black letters out where folks can see 'em. They all want to buy somethin' black."

That may have been his notion partly because he was a boot-black whenever he was not a newsboy. That was where his name came from.

"They're awful big and black to-day," said Barry; "and here I've been selling papers all day, and haven't read the news myself."

"Who cares what it is?" remarked Kid Vogel. "I don't look at it half the time."

Barry was looking, however, and reading; and it was a column almost altogether made up of big black lines:

EXTRA!!!!

LEE'S ARMY MOVING!

Siege of Vicksburg—England and France—The Blockade-Runners—General Grant—A Talk with President Lincoln—
Army of the Potomac—Proposed Capture of Richmond—Fortifying Baltimore—Earthworks
at Harrisburg—Naval Operations—
Siege of Charleston—
Congress.

There has been no important change in the aspect of national or military affairs since our last edition, but all indications point to the immediate occurrence of startling events.

"There!" exclaimed Barry. "All the news is in small type, at the bottom; and there isn't any, anyhow."

"Don't them editors know?" asked Kid. "How'd we sell their extrys if they didn't give us a lift? We wouldn't have anything to holler."

That was too plain for argument, and Barry set off, leaving his two friends to carry on a downtown business. It seemed to him that all the people he met wore anxious faces; and so many of them had five cents to spare that when he reached his own door he said aloud:

"I declare! I haven't a paper left for mother! Well, there wasn't any news to speak of, and I've got some money to show her. She'll be glad of that."

Not many minutes later he was looking into her face with intense interest, while she was telling him the very latest news; and when she paused for breath, saying, "We must be careful and not hurt him," he exclaimed:

"Hurt him! I hurt him? Now, mother, you tell Lily and Mrs. Randolph I'll take the best kind of care of him. I want to see him, though, and get him to tell me all about it. How did he get through? But, mother, I've made two dollars. Isn't it bully?"

"Why," she said, "if you can do half as well as that, I'll be satisfied. If it wasn't for that rent! Mr.

Hunker sent a man with a written demand. I'm almost at my wits' end."

There had been a ring at the door-bell, to which they had paid no attention, and the servant answering it had let in a man who at once strode right on into the parlor.

"Mr. Hunker!" exclaimed Mrs. Redding, indignantly, "you here again?"

He had looked unpleasant enough the first time, but he looked ugly now. He was dressed expensively, to be sure, and he wore a diamond pin; but no clothes or jewelry would have done much for him. He was short and heavy and wheezy, with a very red face, and he had kept his hat on.

"Afternoon, Mrs. Redding!" he said, with a tightening of his hard, clean-shaved lips.

"Your notice came, sir," she said. "You needn't have called."

There was a very defiant expression on her face, and another, a trifle angrier, was on that of Barry, as he looked at Mr. Hunker's threatening, frowning visage and heard him say:

"Yes, ma'am, I did demand the rent. Now I find you can't pay it, all I've got to say is you must go. I've come to demand it, once for all, ma'am. Can you pay, or will you quit?"

"Barry," whispered a voice behind him, "Mother

says hand her that. Davis brought it. Tell her to pay him."

Before Mrs. Redding could command her voice sufficiently to reply, however, Barry himself stepped right past her. Mr. Hunker had held out a receipt ceremoniously when he demanded the rent, and it was now suddenly taken out of his hand.

"There's your rent, Mr. Hunker," said Barry, rapidly counting out the money; "and don't you speak to my mother in that way. Get out of the house! Quick!"

Hunker's hand closed over the bills, but his mouth opened with astonishment.

"I reckoned you couldn't pay, or I'd never have offered that receipt. You kin give it right back."

"No, I won't," said Barry. "Take it, mother. Lilian handed me the money. He's paid up square. Now, Mr. Hunker, you can go."

"I'll explain," said Mrs. Randolph, from the back parlor. "Turn out that ruffian!"

"Ruffian?" echoed Mr. Hunker. "Did she say I was a ruffian?"

"I do," almost shouted Barry; "and you're an old red Copperhead, too!"

Mr. Hunker's mouth was opening and shutting, but he was beaten; for Mrs. Redding, with the receipt, had instantly hurried away, exclaiming:



Barry tells Mr. Hunker he can go.

"Why, Mrs. Randolph! I'm so thankful."

"You can go," repeated Barry to Hunker.

"I'll get even with you, I will!" muttered the disappointed landlord, as he slowly walked out. "How could this 'ere thing have happened? She's losin' money."

He was evidently studying hard upon his problem when Barry slammed the front door behind him, for his last words were: "And I hed an offer of nigh twicet as much for the haouse!"

"You're Barry Redding?"

Barry turned from bolting the door, and out went his right hand eagerly.

"You're Davis Randolph?" he said—"Lilian's brother? Ain't I glad you got through! We'll all take care of you."

"Hear those boys! They're acquainted already," said Mrs. Randolph in the back parlor. "O Mrs. Redding, I am so glad to be able to pay that board!"

"I'm so glad you could," began Mrs. Redding, but Lilian interrupted her with:

"Barry's splendid! How he did turn out that old fellow!"

"Barry's his father's son," said his mother proudly, and Mrs. Randolph suddenly added:

"They're both soldier-boys. Why, how strange it

seems! How can those two boys be upon opposite sides? It's all wrong!"

"Think of Davis and Barry," exclaimed Lilian, "being soldiers and having to shoot each other! I'm glad they're neither of them old enough."

"I'm not glad," said Dave. "I wish I was a soldier now!"

"So do I," said Barry; "but if I should take Dave a prisoner I'd treat him right. Tell you what, Dave—you're a kind of prisoner now. You're inside of our lines."

"I guess he's safe enough," said Mrs. Redding.

"But he's got to tell me everything," said Barry. "Come on, Dave. Mother says she's put up an extra bed in my room for you. It's a load better than being locked up in Fort Lafayette."

"You can't lock him up," said Lilian.

"*You* ought to be, anyhow," said Barry, blushing hard as he said it. "You're more Southern than he is."

"I reckon not," said Davis; but off they went together, for it was time for Mrs. Redding and her helpers to think of all the boarders who were soon to come in hungry.

Outside of the house a man who had lingered in front of it looked up, with a face as red as one of its bricks, and muttered:

"Well, if I wasn't dead sure she couldn't pay that rent! It can't be she's really a-makin' money, keepin' boardin'-haouse in these times. I'll git her out, somehaow. I'd like to, I would—and that there lot o' Virginny rebs with her! That is, I won't say I would if Ginerall Lee's reelly comin'. I'd want to be right side up if he did. I've on'y hed jist one contract from the Linkin gov'ment, and I somehow can't git no more. I know I could git one through Mapleson, if the Saouth was holdin' New York."

That was a curious kind of evening at Mrs. Redding's boarding-house. Somehow or other her boarders were hardly able to get a glimpse of her, even when they tried to. The kitchen was deserted, too; for Diana Lee did her last work like a steam-engine, and disappeared upstairs, remarking:

"I jes' want to heah all he's got to say," for she had begged hard not to be counted out of a little family party that was to meet in Mrs. Randolph's own room.

It was a sort of questions-and-answers party, and it kept one of its members very busy all the time. At last Barry asked:

"Now, Dave, did you ever see a whole army when it was all together?"

"No, sir-ree!" said Dave. "Nobody ever did. It's too big. It's all over the country—on the roads, in

its works, in the camps, behind hills and woods. You can't ever see an army. Well, yes, I kind o' saw Lee's army once—at night."

"Saw it at night?" exclaimed Barry.

"Nearest I ever came to it," said Dave. "I was just about leaving to come here, and Uncle John sent me up to the signal-station on the top of Black Cap Mountain with a message. When I got there I could look down and see the camp-fires as far as I could look—thousands of them."

"It must have been grand!" said Lilian.

"Oh, but wasn't it!" said Dave; "and so was the signal for all to move in the morning."

"What was that?" asked Barry.

"We set the woods at the top of the mountain on fire," said Dave. "Then away across the valley they answered by setting Pine Gap Mountain on fire. It told everybody what to do. Anyhow, that's what they told me. I don't know it all. They blazed like two volcanoes."

"Don't I wish I'd been there!" said Barry.

"Some of your fellows were in the valley and saw it," said Dave. "We took 'em prisoners only a few days before."

Excitement, and scout duty in an enemy's country, and telling all there is to tell will tire any boy out. Therefore Davis Randolph was sound asleep the next

morning long after Barry Redding went downtown with a feeling that he was somehow going into a newspaper-extra battle.

Kid and the Shiner were on hand, and the three associates made their first strokes of business at the steamer landings. They did well with a great, crowded river steamer that came down the Hudson; and they sold liberal bundles of extras to the passengers of a steamship that was just in from England. There were lulls in the rush of trade, however; and whenever there was a chance they were eager to listen to Barry's thrilling story of the Southern boy who had squirmed his way clean through the Army of the Potomac. He was a hero. He had actually seen General Lee and Stonewall Jackson, and had heard them command their men. He had almost seen a battle, and he had heard the roar of cannon.

"Oh, but wasn't he gritty!" exclaimed the Shiner.

"The cops won't hurt him," remarked Kid.

"I'm going to sojer it, soon's I'm old enough," suddenly exclaimed the Shiner. "Tell you w'ot! I'll raise a comp'ny, and go in as captain."

"I guess I won't," replied Kid. "I'd rather sell newspapers to the hull army. Oh, but wouldn't that be fun! Make piles o' money, too! Then all the army'd know 'bout the battles they're fightin'."

"I'm goin', soon's I can," said Barry. "Dave says

he and all the Southern fellows drill just like our militia, getting ready to pitch in. He can shoot with a rifle. He can fence some, too."

The boy they were talking about was not thinking of them, nor of anything that he had already done; for he was trying to find out what he was to do next.

Mr. Simpson, the head book-keeper of the banking-house of Washington Vernon & Co., was standing behind his desk, when a well-dressed young fellow walked in, touched his hat with a graceful bow, and asked with the utmost politeness:

"Is Mr. Vernon in, sir?"

"He is," said Mr. Simpson promptly. "Anything I can do for you?"

"Yes, sir," said the young fellow. "Please tell him I have a verbal message of importance from a friend of his."

"Certainly," said the book-keeper; and it was only a moment before the banker himself, in the inner office, had also been politely bowed to and had smiled inquiringly at his prepossessing young visitor.

Then he was startled by hearing:

"Is you Mars' Vernon, sah? Yes, sah, I tole you I'd come down dis mawnin'. I's from ole Virginny, sah, I is. I knows all de Vernons down dah, sah."

"You don't tell me!" exclaimed the banker, getting

up at once to go and bolt the door. "Well, if this doesn't beat all! Tell me your name."

"I am Davis Mason Randolph," said the young fellow quietly. "I came up here to visit my mother and sister, but I was told that it might be necessary for me to get back at once to my relatives in West Virginia, just south of the Potomac."

"I'm glad you kept dark yesterday," said Mr. Vernon; and he did not mean any fun. "Have you seen your mother and sister? Tell me everything."

Dave told him all that seemed to him worth telling, and he was showered with compliments by the banker.

"Came through the lines with a drove of contrabands!" he exclaimed—"blacked boots, stole wagon-rides, took a horse from a pasture and rode him all night bare-backed; and went into New York at last on a railway, like any other passenger! You'll do! The Southern boys are beating the Yankees all hollow for 'cuteness. Now, I've something more to say to you."

He paused and seemed to ponder and hesitate. Perhaps it was because Dave seemed so very young; and that idea may have occurred to Dave himself, for he said:

"If I came one way I can go back another, Mr. Vernon. I know exactly what to do. If I were older I couldn't do it."

"Just so!" exclaimed the banker. "Well, you had better go home now. See all you can of the city. Have a good time to-day and to-morrow. Come here to-morrow afternoon, ready to set out at once. Tell your mother to take a large sheet of paper and write a letter to your Uncle John. Leave it open, so I can add a postscript. Bring it when you come. I'll ask you once more about money. No, I won't. Give your mother every cent you have. Here's a hundred. Spend all you want to spend. You deserve it. It's pay and rations. We'll see that you have all that's needed—and she, too." Mr. Vernon seemed to feel altogether enthusiastic, and so did Dave. He took the money readily, with thanks, while Mr. Vernon remarked to him:

"You'll do. I'll tell 'em so. But to think of the corners you must cut and the risks you must run before you can look General Lee in the face, and tell him you have brought him a dispatch from his cousin Vernon!"

CHAPTER V.

THE CONFEDERATE SPY.

ES, captain, it was a black woman shoved me down the steps, but it was a white girl waved the Confederate flag. What I want to do is to go and get it. She's a reb, right from Virginia!"

It was the very man upon whom Diana had shut the door, after telling him to "Go and be a sojer!" He was a lank, mean-looking fellow, but he was talking to a bluff sort of man in a rusty blue uniform, who was neither lank nor mean in his appearance, and who replied:

"Nonsense! We don't care a cent for out-and-out Southern rebs here. All our trouble is with Northern Copperheads. But what about that boy? What do you know?"

"I found out all about it," said the informer eagerly. "He came through the lines yesterday. The upstairs girl told her cousin and he told me—right from Lee's army. His mother lives in that house. He's a spy—sneaked up here——"

"That'll do. No, you can't have any men to raise a muss about any girl and her flag. Go and volunteer, if you feel like doing something for your country. Guess there isn't much fight in you, but you might stop a bullet."

There was an unconcealed contempt in the captain's manner, and his informant went out of the office with his head a little down. Instead of being welcomed as an eager patriot he had been severely snubbed as a fellow of no account.

Hardly had he gone, however, before the captain said to himself:

"Anyhow, it's my duty to see about that boy. I'll send for him. There's mischief brewing of some kind. I can feel it in the air. We don't watch all the corners as they do down South."

He seemed to be gloomy and irritated, and he at once sat down and wrote what seemed to be a military order. Then he rang a little gong on his desk, and a private soldier came into the office and carried the order away.

"They can catch him best at about dinner-time," said the captain.

Over on Broadway, at no great distance from that very office, a slim boy, in clothes too small for him, was walking along with a solitary newspaper in his hand, saying to himself:

"'Cording to what Dave and Lilian say the war isn't of any use. All the men have been killed for nothing. I s'pose father and all the rest would have to be killed before General Lee could march his army here. Don't I wish I was old enough!"

He did not know how savagely in earnest he had been talking. He had been looking down and walking right along; and he almost ran against a gray-headed, middle-sized man, who suddenly said:

"Halt!"

"Yes, sir," said Barry, holding out his paper. "*Times*, sir. Last paper I've got."

"I'll take it," said the man. "I heard what you said, my boy. President Lincoln wants three hundred thousand grown-up men that feel just as you do."

"Hope he'll get 'em," said Barry. "My father's in the Army of the Potomac." Just there he felt as if he were waking up, for the man wore a uniform and had star shoulder-straps.

"Mister!" exclaimed Barry, "ain't you a general?"

"Yes, my boy," said the man, smiling very kindly. "I'm a general. I command the forts around the harbor. My name is Brown."

"I want to ask a question," said Barry earnestly. "Could General Lee take New York?"

"No," said the general, "he could never take New

York—not even if he could get here; and he can't do that.”

“I know a boy that says he's coming,” said Barry. “He's a Southern boy.”

“Of course,” said the general. “They all think so, but he couldn't take the city without taking the forts and all the gunboats in the harbor. I hope the war will be over before we want you.”

“But, general,” persisted Barry, “I know another man: he says all the drafted men won't be taken. They're all going to rebel. They can take the forts, too.”

“No, they can't,” said the general sharply; but a swift change was coming over his face, and he rapidly asked Barry several questions—not about Dave at all, but about Palovski.

“I don't want him,” he said; “I only want to know what he told you.”

Another officer had joined the general, and was listening, and it was he who at last said:

“Just as I told you, General Brown. There's trouble ahead.”

“Exactly, major,” replied the general. “I know there is—if Lee wins a victory; not if he is defeated. We shall be ready. Go right along, my boy. If you want to see war, you may have a chance to see it right here on Broadway.”

Just as Barry set off at a fast walk, his head all a-fever over his talk with a real war-general, actually in command of the city of New York, of the soldiers, and of the forts, his quick ears caught the word "Spy!" from the lips of the major. It was as if a pin had pricked him hard, and he sprang away at once upon a run, exclaiming:

"I didn't tell them Dave's name, nor where he lives. If they don't catch me they can't find him. Oh, what a fool I was!"

He ran well out of Broadway into and up another street, square after square; and one man shouted, "Stop thief!" but nobody stopped him or seemed to be following him. He was a little out of breath then, and while he walked to catch it again he found himself thinking furiously.

"I'm glad I told about Palovski. They ought to know that. I ought to help them get more soldiers. That wasn't wrong. Dave isn't any spy. No, they didn't ask much about him. I didn't tell anything, either. There, now! was it wrong to tell Kid and the Shiner? No, 'twasn't. They're not in the army. Would they tell anybody else? Could it hurt him?"

He was growing intensely anxious, and he was getting one entirely new idea to him. He had always thought of the war as being carried on along the Potomac and away down South. He had not at all

understood that the city he lived in was like a fort, and had a garrison, and was in the war as much as was any Southern city.

"Ships of war in the harbor?" he said. "Why, I thought they only came here to get mended and to get coal and provisions. General Brown says they are here to help the forts to keep out General Lee's army. They can do it, too; and everybody'd help 'em fight."

Still, he did not run any more. He had thoughts which made him walk pretty slowly all the way home. His last remark to himself seemed to give him a vast amount of relief.

"No, sir-ree!" he said. "General Brown forgot to ask my name. He doesn't know me, and he doesn't know where I live."

He had not asked because he did not care to know, but after Barry left him he had said to the major:

"See the police commissioners before the day for the draft—that is, unless Lee is beaten. They may need our help. There is mischief brewing."

Just before Barry reached his own house three persons were talking in low voices in one of its upper rooms. One of them had been downtown, and had returned with news which had set the other two crying.

"Dave!" exclaimed Mrs. Randolph, "this is too

bad! We've only just seen you. I can't let you go. You can't get through to General Lee. It's sure death."

"O Dave!" sobbed Lilian, "I can't bear it! You have run risks enough. They ought to send somebody else this time."

"Nobody else can go, Lil," said Davis. "They can't trust everybody. It's something that General Lee must know if he is to capture New York. I'm glad of the chance. I'm going to do it for our flag—do it or die!"

Barry had entered the house, and he had talked very fast for a minute with his mother. "Barry!" she had said, "we must go and see them at once."

That was the reason why the door of Mrs. Randolph's room was now suddenly opened.

"What is it?" exclaimed Mrs. Randolph.

"Hush!" replied Mrs. Redding hastily. "I'm afraid Dave is in danger."

"Dave!" interrupted Barry, "I don't believe I did any harm. They don't know where you live. I'll tell you how it was."

"Barry!" exclaimed Lilian, as she stepped in front of him, "have you told about Dave?"

"No, I haven't; I've come to warn him."

"Are they after him already?" asked Mrs. Randolph. "O my son!"

"I'd never have thought that of you, Barry," said Lilian.

She looked very pretty indeed, but it was hard to say whether her face contained more of grief or indignation. Barry looked straight at her, while his mother was saying:

"Tell them everything, Barry;" and then he began with:

"There isn't anything to tell," and went on with all his talk with General Brown and the major.

Davis listened carefully, but at the end of it he said, in a firm, low voice:

"Mother, Barry is all right. I'd give a good deal to be arrested. They'd let me go."

He looked so brave and manly and thoughtful that his mother kissed him for very admiration, but Mrs. Redding said:

"Come, Barry! we've all got to be very careful. It's an awful state of things when you daren't say what you want to."

She and Barry went out, but they had hardly done so before Dave remarked:

"Mother, all that about the forts, and the gunboats, and the draft, and the police is just what General Lee wants to know. It's straight from the Federal commander of the city of New York. If they would only arrest me I might learn something more before I go."

"It's just like you, Dave!" said Lilian. "Did I say anything to Barry? He felt pretty bad."

There was no doubt of that, but he was to feel a great deal worse. Of course nothing was said at the dinner-table, for there were boarders there—men and women. They had all come upstairs, and Lilian was looking out of a parlor window, when she suddenly turned very pale and exclaimed:

"Davis—Barry—mother—there they are! The soldiers have come!"

"I'll go right with them," said Davis. "I'll go and get my hat. Mother, don't you come—nor Lilian!"

"Yes, we will," said his mother.

There was a small tempest of whispered, excited remarks, as a corporal came up the steps, leaving two soldiers on the sidewalk. He rang the bell, and it was answered by Mrs. Redding.

"A young man named Randolph——" he began.

"Yes, sir, he is here," she said. "He boards here. What about him?"

"He is wanted at headquarters."

"Here I am," said Davis, stepping out. "I'm Randolph. Come on, Barry! let's go and see what they want of me."

"All right!" remarked the corporal; and then he added, "Humbug, boy! Some fellow's been fooling the adjutant. Come along, boys!"

"I'm going, too," said Lilian, "whether they want me or not. Let's go, mother!"

"We'll all go," said Mrs. Redding; but she and the others had to spend a minute or more in getting ready, and meantime the boys, who were ready, had walked off with the men in blue. They only walked as far as a street-car; and it seemed to Barry only one long, breathless minute before he and Davis were in a large room before several severe, stern-looking men who wore shoulder-straps.

Their first question came to him.

"Who are you?" asked an officer.

"Barry Redding. Dave boards at our house——"

"Oh, well! you've nothing to do with this." Dave nodded at Barry, but he was at once busy with his own questions and answers.

A man at a table was busy with a pen, as they asked his name and age and a number of other things; and Barry heard a tall officer say twice, "All nonsense!" just before the questioner said sharply:

"You came North to see your mother? How did you get through our lines?"

"I walked through," said Dave—"crowd of refugees and colored people."

"What account did you give to any of our army officers?"

"Didn't have to give any," said Dave. "Nobody

asked me. Then I went to Washington and came here."

There was a rustle at the door at that moment, and he added, "There are my mother and sister now. I hadn't seen them for a year."

"He is my son," began Mrs. Randolph; and Lilian's face was very white and fierce, while Barry and his mother were evidently trying hard not to speak.

"Wait, madam," said the questioner, not unkindly. "Wait a moment, colonel. Randolph, do you know where General Lee's army is now?"

"Yes, sir; he is in the Shenandoah Valley, on his way to New York."

He had made a sensation now, and even the colonel himself asked question after question, until at last he said:

"You are not a soldier, but do you not know that you are hurting your own side by telling so much?"

"I think not," replied Davis. "General Lee is marching right along. I've only told where our forces were then. They are not in the same places now. He isn't the kind to sit still. Our people say there's enough of that done on your side."

There were red and even angry faces among the officers, and Lilian looked triumphant; but the colonel was calm.

"Are you not a kind of spy?" he asked.

"Well, yes," said Davis, "if there was anything here worth knowing; but General Lee isn't near enough yet for me to tell him. New York is full of people that would like to tell him more than I know."

"Fact!" exclaimed the colonel. "My boy, do you intend returning South?"

"Some day or other," said Davis; "when my visit is over."

"Could you get back through our lines?"

"I wouldn't have to," said Davis. "I'd only go and board in some place that General Lee was going to take."

"I never saw such impudence since I was born!" roared one of the officers. "Let him go, colonel! How can we keep out their spies, when a mere saucy boy can walk right through our careless, worthless picket-lines?"

"Madam," said the colonel, bowing to Mrs. Randolph, "your son is at liberty. He is a plucky young fellow, but he is too rash to be a good spy. He must be more careful of his tongue. Good-afternoon, ladies."

"Thank you, major!" said Mrs. Randolph, and they hurried out.

"Did you learn anything?" whispered Lilian.

"Not much, Lil; but the colonel said to the one-armed captain that there were not men enough in the

forts to mount guard or man half the guns. If General Lee only knew!"

"Davis," said his mother, "I shall not hinder your going. You must do your duty. Go and serve your country!"

"Of course he must, mother," said Lilian; "I don't believe any one else can do what he can."

She was proud of her brother; but at that very moment Mrs. Redding was saying seriously to Barry:

"Yes, he is a brave boy; but I wish for all the world he was in Virginia! So bright a fellow as he is might do mischief."

In the office they had left in the Army Headquarters Building the colonel was replying to the major:

"Spy? Why, so he is! That is, he would be if he could. I've hardly any doubt that he came as a spy, but we couldn't prove it. If we could, what's the use? Lincoln wouldn't let him be shot. He can't do any more harm. Let him go!"

Some hundreds of miles south of where they were talking there was a very different scene. A rail-fenced road came over the brow of a high-ridged hill that seemed to belong to a long range of blue, smoky-topped mountains reaching southerly into the distance. In the middle of the road a group of dusty-uniformed horsemen had halted, and for a moment they all

seemed to be looking northward in silence. Then one of them said:

"There is the Potomac, General Lee. I wish I knew whether victory or defeat for us lay waiting beyond it."

"There is but one victory possible. We are too few for any other," answered the noble-looking man he spoke to.

"Where is it to be won, general?"

"In the streets of New York," replied the Confederate commander. "The war power of the Lincoln government is upheld by the money power. The heart of that is not in Washington. If we can stop the beating of it in New York City for thirty days, we shall win everywhere—for the Union armies will break down of their own size and weight. Grant will let go at Vicksburg. Their fleets cannot keep the seas. France and England will join hands with us. We need only one victory in the field. After that New York is ours, the war is over, and the Confederate triumph is secure. But there is an army beyond that river, gentlemen; and the hardest battle of the war is right before us."

CHAPTER VI.

THE MEANING OF THE FLAG.

LILIAN went home from the army headquarters in a triumphant state of mind. She had heard her brother tell the Federal officers that General Lee was coming, and she almost felt as if her army, or General Lee's, were a number of miles nearer. She was twice as ready for the proposed drive around the city, and she and her mother waited half-impatiently while Davis went after a carriage. If she could have adorned that somewhat stylish turnout when it came with her own flag, she would have been altogether satisfied.

Davis remarked that it was a part of his scout duty to see all there was to be seen, but Mrs. Randolph doubted his seeing anything of value to the Confederate leaders. They had not been in motion long, however, before he declared that he had seen at least one thing.

"What's that?" said Mrs. Randolph.

"Why," said Davis, "so many men—crowds of

them—enough to make armies! You don't see anything like it in the South."

"I'm afraid that's so," said she thoughtfully; and after that there was a silent time, until Davis suddenly asked:

"Was there ever any real fighting done right here, where the city is?"

"Why, Davis!" said his mother; "don't you know? There was no fighting when the English captured it from the Dutch, but in the Revolutionary War——"

"No battles here?" said Lilian, when her mother paused, as if trying to remember something.

"Well," said Mrs. Randolph, "the British beat Washington's army in the battle of Long Island. That was fought in Brooklyn. Right over yonder, on the shore of Kip's Bay, there was another fight. That was where General Washington lost his hat. Over there, beyond Central Park, there was another; and President Monroe was in it, and he was only two years older than you are. Away up at Fort Washington was the hardest fight of all, and we were beaten again."

"Too bad!" said Dave. "Well, there'll be some Virginia troops here again pretty soon."

"I wish they were here now!" exclaimed Lilian. "But oh, what a city it is! Dave, this is the first time I've seen so much of it."

"It looks like a big thing to take," said Davis; "but our boys can do it."

"Boys?" said his mother. "What our army needs is men."

"Well," replied Davis, "Uncle John says all the boys in the South over thirteen are of full age. It's the war made 'em so."

If he was a fair sample, Uncle John was right; for there was something very sober and manly about him, even while he was out sight-seeing.

As for Barry, he was away downtown selling newspapers; but it seemed to him as if he had never before done so much thinking. Besides that, as he told himself, he always heard everything. He had just finished a brisk run of evening-paper business, and was standing at the United States Sub-Treasury corner, waiting for more customers, when he heard somebody talking behind him.

"No, Hunker: Lee needn't care a cent for the forts around the harbor. He is under no necessity for taking them. All he wants is the city itself. That will cut off the Lincoln government from its cash-box."

"But the ships of war, Mr. Mapleson," replied Hunker—"the gunboats? They can steam along the water-front and shell out any troops holding the city. General Lee can't hold New York against them."

"Nonsense, Hunker!" replied Mapleson, with a

glitter in his cold blue eyes. "If I had troops camped in the public squares and up and down Broadway, and quartered in the hotels and houses and churches, they would have all the city for breastworks. They could not be shelled out without destroying the town. I could hold it until the Lincoln government at Washington gave up the fight."

"That's a fact!" exclaimed Hunker. "I never thought of that."

Barry heard it all, and he thought about it so deeply that he sold a man a *World* for a *Tribune*, and called him General Brown when he corrected the mistake.

There was another man talking at that moment, whom Barry could not hear, although it would have done him good. Hundreds of miles southward and hundreds of miles westward of the Sub-Treasury corner a short, thick-set man, in a dingy blue suit with two dull-looking gold stars on each shoulder, stood near the stump of a large tree. The roots of the stump had been cut off, so that it could be tilted toward one side. A deep hole had been gouged in the face of the stump. Heavy iron bands had been driven down and riveted around the massive wood. Men with telescopes and other instruments were looking, measuring, and directing, while some soldiers with crowbars carefully tilted the stump to a precise position.

In all directions, as far as the eye could see, there were lines of earthworks. Some of them were mounted with cannon, and all were teeming with men in uniform. Here and there, over all these busy fortifications, floated the banner of the Union, the Stars and Stripes.

At some distance westerly, beyond a wide, bare space, ran a long, low hill; and it was covered with forts and lines of works. Beyond it ran a broad, muddy river. Over the works that defended the hill floated the banner of the Southern Confederacy, the Stars and Bars.

All the air was gloomy with drifting powder-smoke, and there was hardly any cessation in the roar of heavy guns—nearer or farther—and the very sun seemed to look down hotly and angrily.

“Fire!”

A puff of smoke, a sheet of red flame, sprang from the hollow in the stump. Then followed a thunderous report, and something almost visible was hurled high into the air, in a vast whirling curve. Up, up, up it went, and away, away, until it ceased rising and came down with a hissing plunge into the middle of the Confederate works.

“That will do,” said the starred man, as he watched the throwing of the bombshell and saw that it burst on falling.

"Well, General Grant!" said a deep voice close by him, "who ever heard before of a mortar made of a hickory stump? I'm afraid it won't last long."

"It won't have to last long, Logan," said Grant. "It'll hold together till Vicksburg surrenders."

Barry did not hear that, or he would have received another answer to his great question, "What is war, anyhow?" He would have seen that war will sometimes discover what a man like Grant or an old hickory stump is good for.

Just now he was pretty well waked up by the remarks made to him by the man to whom he had sold the wrong paper. He was trying to excuse himself, when another man came up, saying:

"*World?* That's what I want. Don't you try to put off any *Tribune* on me."

Barry reached home tired out, but the first thing he told his mother was:

"I can buy a new suit o' clothes in a week, at the rate I'm getting ahead."

"Take two weeks," she said, "and get a real good one. I want you to look as nice as Davis Randolph does."

"Well," said Barry, "you mean on Sundays. I guess it wouldn't do for a newsboy to rig up much. How Kid would hoot if I did—the Shiner, too!"

Davis was indeed looking pretty well dressed, but

Barry was keen enough to see that that was by no means all. He had such easy good manners, and he was so cool and self-possessed. There was hardly anything "green" about him, although it was his first visit to the great city. Barry had lived there all his life, and yet he had a strong feeling that Dave was teaching him something new.

"You see," said Barry to Lilian, "he has been a kind of soldier already. I'm going to be one, sure's you live!"

"Dave'll be a general, or at least a colonel," said Lilian proudly. "He is fit for anything. Mother says it's because he thinks. I wish I knew how to think."

"That's it," said Barry; "I've been thinking a good deal to-day. All our militia regiments have gone to fight Lee's army; but there's lots of discharged volunteers, tip-top soldiers, hundreds and hundreds of them, all around the city."

"That's what Davis said," replied Lilian. "He called them the rear-guard of your army, and he said the worst of it was that they were all veterans. He said General Lee probably knew all about them, though."

"Well, he'd better not tell him," said Barry. "That would be being a kind of spy."

"What?" exclaimed Lilian with a frightened look.

"You couldn't stop him! You wouldn't! O Barry! you wouldn't go and have Dave arrested again?"

"If I was playing spy against the Confederacy," said Barry, "wouldn't it be your duty and Dave's to stop me?"

"Of course it would," said Lilian. "Oh, well, Barry—of course; but we wouldn't let them hurt you."

"I wish Dave was safe down South again, anyhow," said Barry.

After supper there was a great deal of talk about the war, and Barry was surprised at himself to find how much he knew. He talked about the forts and the gunboats and the police, and the disbanded volunteers, and how the city could be occupied, and how not, until even his mother looked at him and said to herself:

"How he is growing!"

Dave talked about the Southern army as freely as Barry did about the city; but he was in one of his thoughtful fits, and once or twice he actually whistled.

"How old Davis is!" exclaimed Lilian, after she and her mother went to their room.

"It's the war," said Mrs. Randolph. "It's a hot-house. It's a furnace. Oh, how I wish it were ended!"

The entire question of war and peace had to be put aside until the next morning. Even then it could not

be discussed; for the Randolphs were to go out riding again, and Barry was out early at his newspaper business. He actually read one of his papers—the news-telegraph column—the first chance he had.

“They don’t know where General Lee’s army is,” he said. “Well, if the whole Army of the Potomac can’t find him, I guess Dave couldn’t. Is he really, now, any kind of spy—dangerous to our side?”

However that might be, Davis and Lilian and their mother had a double errand that morning. When they came back from their drive Dave was all dressed in army blue. He looked almost like a boy-soldier of the Union army. He looked well in it, too; but Lilian remarked:

“Oh, how I wish it were butternut, with our gold braid on the sleeves!”

Barry was not to come home at noon, and his mother saw no cause of remark in Davis Randolph’s new suit. Mrs. Randolph, however, after her drive, spent a long time over a letter to Uncle John in Virginia, or in the army, just as if she expected him to get it. Toward the middle of the afternoon Davis picked up his hat and turned his head a little away from his mother, as he said quietly:

“Nobody must know but what I’m coming right back again—not even Barry nor Dinah Lee—until I’m too far away for anybody to stop me.”

"Do your duty, my son," said Mrs. Randolph, trying to look brave and firm.

"O Dave!" whispered Lilian, as she hung around his neck, "be careful! Don't let them catch you! Don't run any risks!"

All he seemed able to say was, "Good-by!" but when he reached Wall Street, and walked into the elegant office of Vernon & Co., he bowed to Mr. Simpson in the most polite and smiling manner.

He went on into the back room at once, and he was shut up there for some time with Mr. Vernon. That gentleman was not talking, however. He was writing something in the letter from Mrs. Randolph to Uncle John. He wrote slowly, carefully, between the lines she had made; and the curious part of it was that his pen seemed not to leave any ink-marks behind it.

"There!" he said, when it was finished; "hand that to General Lee and say 'flat-iron.' He will know what to do with it."

"If he doesn't, I can tell him," said Davis. "But if it's found on me I'll be shot."

"I think so," said Mr. Vernon. "I'm told that they do not refer such cases to President Lincoln any more. He is too kind-hearted. Bless him for that! It's all over before he hears of it. There isn't really much to be said against Lincoln by our folks."

"He's a tyrant!" exclaimed Dave. "If it wasn't for him the North would give up."

"Of course it would," replied the banker, "but that shows what a man he is. You are old enough to see that if one man holds up a whole nation he's a pretty strong man."

"We shall beat him!" said Davis.

"I believe so," said the banker gravely. "I am doing all I can, at as much risk as if I were all the while in battle and under fire."

"That's so!" said Dave; and in another minute he had received his last instructions, more greenbacks, a hearty hand-shake, and then he was out in the street.

"Now for General Lee's headquarters!" he said to himself, in a suppressed whisper.

"Hurrah for the Sunny South! How I would like to march into New York with him! Wouldn't Lilian swing her flag?"

All over the great city the Union flags were floating. They were carried proudly by the tall masts of ships in the harbor; they fluttered in the sea-breeze that swept over the frowning stonework of the guardian forts. One pair of busy eyes had been almost counting them that day, and now that Barry had sold the last of a heavy batch of papers, he stood with his hands in his pockets looking seaward. His wander-

ing trade had carried him to the Battery, at the harbor end of the city; and from that spot he could get a better view of things, both afloat and ashore.

"Flags, flags, flags everywhere!" he said. "What's the use of a flag? What made them stripe it and put on so many stars? What's war, anyhow?"

"Don't you know what we soldiers call that flag, my boy?" asked a weak but cheerful voice near him. He turned around, and there stood a tall man, who must once have been very broad-shouldered and strong, but who was now thin, white-faced, emaciated, so that his flowing black beard and brilliant black eyes gave him a look that startled Barry. He wore the uniform and straps of a captain.

"Guess you ought to be in hospital," exclaimed Barry.

"I've just come out of one," said the captain. "I wanted to take a last look at the bay and the flag."

"Going back again, then?" asked Barry. "Been wounded in battle? Getting well pretty fast?"

He felt that something about that man was making him feel excited. It was almost as if the war itself were talking to him.

"Yes," said the captain. "I was wounded in battle. Shot through the lungs. No, I'm not to get well. The surgeon says I am to die to-morrow pretty certainly, but I can walk. The bay is beautiful, but it



The wounded captain tells Barry of the flag.

isn't so beautiful as the flag is. Don't you know what the flag means?"

"No," said Barry bluntly, "nor the war, either. My father's in the army, though; and I'd go if I were old enough."

"Of course," said the captain. "That flag is worth dying for. I'll tell you. The thirteen stripes stand for the thirteen States at the beginning, and for all the States in union. The stars are one for each State, and they must never set nor go out. The blue they are on in the flag means the heaven that is over them, and we boys in the army call this God's country. The white means justice and pure government. The red stands for honor and for the blood the Union has cost, and for the blood that was shed for us all. We call that flag Old Glory, my boy."

Barry stared at him, as his black, shining eyes wandered from point to point where the starry flags were flying. He tried to understand, and it seemed as if a new idea was slowly coming to him; but he suddenly asked:

"Can General Lee take New York?"

"He may get here. His army may," said the captain. "Just as an iceberg gets to the Southern Sea, only to melt away there. I shall die, but Old Glory will float over the city I was born in to the end of time!"

"Oh, do go home!" exclaimed Barry. "Go to the hospital, and do get well!"

"I'm going," said the captain; "but, my boy, it's worth any man's while to give his life for that flag."

He, too, must have been excited, for he strode away erect and firmly; and Barry looked after him, exclaiming:

"I hope he'll get well. He's a splendid fellow! I'm glad I know what the flag means. Yes, sir! I want to be a volunteer and do something."

There did not seem to be anything whatever for him to do just then in the service of his country and his flag. All he could do was to sell newspapers and help his mother. He had never before felt so proud of having a soldier father, however, as at the moment when he turned away from the Battery, remarking to himself:

"Well, Dave can't do anything, either."

Dave did not seem to be trying to do anything, but it might have surprised Barry to have seen where he was, and how entirely easy he was taking things. He appeared to be taking a nap, curled up in a corner of a seat in a railway car on its way from New York to Philadelphia. He was not alone, for the next seat forward was turned over, so that three elderly gentlemen, whose uniforms were covered by linen dusters, could sit facing each other and discuss the military

situation. They did not disturb Davis, but they talked very freely about army corps, and their numbers and their commanders, and where they then were, and where they were to go next. They seemed not to know so much about the movements of General Lee. What did they care for a sleepy boy not more than fifteen years old? No Confederate spy could possibly report anything that they were saying. Only an army man could really understand their conversation, anyhow.

Nevertheless, when the train rolled into the depot at Philadelphia that boy picked up a small satchel and got out, and he said to himself:

"No, I mustn't write it down. I can remember every word of it. One of them was Lincoln's Assistant Secretary of War; one of them is to command an army corps, and the other is to command at Harrisburg. I've a tremendous report to make to General Lee."

CHAPTER VII.

DODGING AN ARMY.



IT seemed as if the days of June, in the year 1863, grew hotter and hotter, one after the other. It was not, perhaps, so much the weather outside of people as it was the excitement inside of them. More than one hot day went by before Barry seemed to forget himself and suddenly exclaimed to Mrs. Randolph and Lilian:

"I just wonder what has become of Dave!"

"Barry!" said Lilian, warningly.

"Oh, no!" he said. "I didn't mean to ask. I don't want you to tell me where he went. I only hope he's safe—that's all."

They did not say anything, but they both looked at him gratefully. They could not have told him if they had wished to do so ever so much. Neither could Davis himself, for the very question that was perplexing him was:

"Where on earth am I?"

To be sure, he seemed to be in as cool and shady a

place as any boy could have found to spend the last sultry hours of such a day as that. He sat upon a large stone, with his feet upon two other stones, to keep them out of a small stream of water that gurgled past him. Over his head, not very far, was a long arch of rude but massive masonry; and he must at least have known that he was under a bridge.

"I've had to scoot around so," he said, "ever since I left the railroad. I didn't dare to ask anybody in the village, but I'm glad I saw the head of that cavalry column in time. Hullo! there they come!"

There was a clatter of hoofs on a hard road and then right over his head, and he heard a shout:

"Orderly! they'll have to water the horses above or below. The banks are too steep right here—reg'lar cut!"

"Glad of that!" muttered Davis. "If they could get down to the creek they'd be pretty sure to find me. There! that's artillery. What a rumble!"

There was no danger that the bridge would break down, even under the weight of cannon; but if Davis was a spy he was learning something.

"Don't I wish I dared go out," he said, "and get a better look at them! I can't stay here long, anyhow. Why, I'm right in among the Federal troops, and how I'm to get out I don't know. What would mother and Lilian say to this?"

It was just as well that they did not know anything at all about his cool, shadowy hiding-place, nor about the seemingly endless march, march, march of dusty riflemen over his head. If they had been watching him, however, they might have admired his patience. He sat very still and did not even talk to himself, except once, when he remarked that there were fish in the water, and wished that he had some broiled trout, or almost anything else for supper.

"I shan't be thirsty, anyhow," he added; "and it's getting dark. I can take a look outside pretty soon."

His mother and sister were at that hour busy over some newspapers that Barry had brought home; and so, in another room, was he. He had spread one out upon a table, and was studying it diligently.

"Biggest kind of war-map!" he remarked. "It's the very country Dave's got to pick his way through—all about the Potomac and the mountains, away up to Pennsylvania. Wonder if he'll have to foot it all the way? He'll run against some of our men if he does. What will they do to him if they catch him?"

That was a question which Lilian and her mother had asked of themselves often enough, but which they had tried not to ask of each other. It was in Dave's own mind, too, when at last he crept out from under the bridge.

The steep banks on either side of the creek were

bushy at their edges. There were signs that at some seasons of the year it might be a pretty deep and rapid stream, however much it might shrink in midsummer.

"What!" he whispered, as he clambered up and peered through a bush; "guard on the bridge? I'll have to go down again and wade across. Glad I can swim!"

Down he crept and under the bridge, and in a few moments more he was wading cautiously close to the stonework, feeling his way with his bare feet; while the sentinel on the bridge above strolled up and down, or paused to exchange the countersign with officers and men who came and went.

"Glad I know that," said Dave to himself. "I can say 'New Orleans' and 'Richmond,' if I'm halted anywhere."

In a minute more he was glad again, for the sentinel came to the parapet of the bridge and peered over. "Good thing for me," thought Dave, "that the moonlight shines on the other side of the bridge and it's awful dark down here."

But for that he might, indeed, have been seen; and even as it was, the evening seemed to grow a little chilly until the sentinel moved away again. Then there was more wading—very slow, very cautious; but the worst trial of all came when the bank was reached, for it was all one glimmer of moonlight.

"He'll see me, sure's you live!" whispered poor Dave; but there came a sharp clatter of hoofs on the road, and it halted on the bridge.

"Now's my time!" he said, as he darted forward. "While they're talking. Up I go! Last chance!"

Up he went, and crawled in among the bushes, while one horseman on the bridge shouted to another:

"We'll get him! He was seen in the village. It's a bad time for spies!"

"That means me, I suppose," said Davis. "What made them think I was a spy? Reckon it was because I got away so fast when they were coming. I'll go right up that hill. Cavalry couldn't climb it, but I can—soon as I get my shoes on."

They were on quickly enough; and then he speedily discovered what slow, hard work it is to pick one's way through woods and underbrush and among scattered rocks, with only now and then a little moonshine to go by.

"There!" he exclaimed at last; "this is the toughest, rockiest place I've found. I'll lie down under these sumach bushes and sleep. Oh, how tired I am!"

So he slept, surrounded by the tired thousands of a sleeping army; while whoever was hunting for him had to give it up for that night.

It was the other way with some of the people in Mrs. Redding's house. There was no wonder that

neither Lilian nor her mother could shut their eyes for long hours after the dull, hot day departed. Perhaps Mrs. Redding also had good reasons for anxiety, in spite of her victory over Mr. Hunker; but for once Barry himself found that he was not sleepy. Even if he shut his eyes he seemed to see that spidery war-map, and to hunt all over it for armies and battle-fields.

"Father's there somewhere," came to him again and again. "Dave is there. There's a great battle coming. Don't I wish I were a man!"

He did sleep at last, but he awoke very early; and his first remark was:

"I know how folks feel when they want to see a newspaper. They can't rest till they know what's been done since they went to bed."

Earlier still there had been a stir under some sumach bushes on a rugged hillside in upper Maryland.

Slowly, cautiously a head with a straw hat on it came out through the thick branches, and then a boy followed.

"Toughest day's scouting ever I had!" exclaimed Dave. "I don't see how on earth I'm to get through. I'll pick my way up along that creek, and keep in the woods."

An hour later he seemed to feel better, for he lay in the hay-loft of a barn and remarked of it:

"Safest kind of place! Only hay enough left to cover me. I'll lie right here till that column gets away past. Then I'll try again."

He was peering through a knot-hole at that moment. It was a very small hole, but even if it had been smaller he could just as well have seen what a splendid body of infantry, all in blue, was swinging along the road.

"They're going to meet Lee," he said; "and that means that they know he is coming."

All that day Barry sold newspapers as industriously as ever. He seemed to have caught the knack of it, and either he had learned how to shout or his voice was really improving. Kid and the Shiner noticed it, and they told him so, very encouragingly. He did not seem to care so much about that, but he almost astonished them by the energy with which he declared how sick he was of being a newsboy instead of a volunteer, and how tremendously he wished that he were in the army.

"I almost feel as if I were getting ready to go," he said to Kid. "I wish I could be drafted."

"Well," said Kid, "nobody's going to stand the draft. It can't be done."

"I've heard 'em say they'd fight first," remarked the Shiner.

"We could sell loads o' papers next morning, if

they did," replied Kid. "It'd be better than a vict'ry on the P'tomick."

"I shan't sell any to-morrow," said Barry. "It'll be Sunday, and I'm going to go to church."

"Guess you won't go in that rig," was Kid's comment; and he was right, for when Barry went home he carried a bundle with him, about which he seemed to feel very serious.

"They fit me loose," he said, "but I'll try 'em on again soon's mother's seen 'em. 'Twon't be long before I can pay her back for them."

He went to her room at once on reaching home.

"Barry!" she exclaimed, as he came in, "a letter from your father! There's a great battle coming. O Barry, Barry—— There she stopped.

"Don't worry, mother!" said Barry. "I don't believe he'll get hit. He has been in more than twenty battles already. Don't I wish I were with him! Shouldn't wonder if Dave'll be there, on his side. He can shoot. We ought not to have let him get away."

"We did right," she said. "I'll tell his mother the news. It isn't likely he'll be in the battle, though—a mere boy like him!"

It was only a few minutes before Mrs. Redding and Mrs. Randolph were talking the matter over, very much as if they were on the same side. There was, however, a sharp skirmish between Barry and Lilian

over the battle prospect, until something he said about Dave brought on a truce, which they both promised to keep until church-time next morning. Little they imagined how many things had been seen during all the earlier part of the day through a knot-hole in the side of an old Maryland barn. Davis himself wearied of watching the endless tide of riflemen go by. Besides, he could not help considering how much those sturdy-looking veterans might have to say or do about the northward march of the Confederate army, which was on its way to capture New York.

"There!" he said at last, "the rear-guard is out of sight. I'll creep out now and take to the woods again. I must get ahead as fast as I can, if I'm ever to deliver these things to General Lee."

He drew a long breath as he went out from the shelter of the barn. The house it belonged to was at some distance, and he got away without being seen.

There was a wide stubble-field to cross, and then a corn-field to creep through; and then he found himself in a somewhat thistle-grown pasture-lot.

"Cows!" he exclaimed. "Tip-top! I found plenty of eggs in the barn, and now I'll have some milk. If that farmer is on our side, he'd let me have it and welcome. If he is on the other side, I've a perfect right to capture milk and eggs from the enemy."

He could not help laughing about it, but he was

only doing as any other invading army would have done when he convinced a matronly-looking cow that he could milk her very well into a tin cup that he took out of his satchel.

"Now for the woods," he shouted, "and won't I travel!"

He had had a long rest in his hay-mow hiding-place, and he certainly proved himself a good walker; but again and again he came to open places between patches of woodland, and again and again he saw moving columns of Federal troops—infantry, cavalry, and artillery.

"Biggest Saturday afternoon ever I had!" he said to himself just before sunset. "But now I'm hemmed in again—Yankees all around me. I'll try and get as far as I can by night. I can keep away from campfires easy enough. All I'm afraid of is their pickets and scouting parties. Wonder if any of our men have crossed over into Maryland?"

That was a question nobody could settle for him that night, but he pushed on until not only darkness, but weariness compelled him to find another thicket and go to sleep. The one he found was in a very deep hollow—a ravine without any water running through it, and so very rocky and ragged that nothing but a woodchuck or a boy who wanted to hide would have thought of making a bedroom of it.

Very early on Sunday morning Barry Redding stood in front of his looking-glass, and he was staring intently at something that was reflected in it.

"I don't know what on earth they'll say," he remarked. "It's the best suit of clothes I ever had on, but then!—if the others were too small, how much have I got to grow before these'll fit?"

That was a problem, but Dave was even more intently considering a very different question. He had overslept, because it was so late when he lay down; and he had been awakened by a racket that astonished him.

"What a rattle!" he suddenly exclaimed. "Skirmish? Why, the balls are cutting the trees right along the hollow! It won't do for me to stir."

Boom, boom, boom! came another sound, and nobody needed telling that it was the voice of field artillery; but Dave waited and listened in vain for any response from the other side of the hollow.

"If it was our men, they have retreated," he said to himself. "Don't I wish I dared go up and see what kind of a fight it was?"

Again the cannon boomed; and now he could hear the explosion of shells, and felt even more like lying still among his rocks.

What he did not hear, however, were the angry remarks made by a bronzed gentleman in a dreadfully

dingy Union uniform to another gentleman with a clear and fresh complexion and in an exceedingly elegant, new, and nicely fitting suit, bright buttons, and glistening shoulder-straps.

"No apology, sir!" he said in conclusion. "No explanations needed! It's out-and-out militia work! Greenhorns! Blazing away half a ton of ammunition into a neck of woods, without an enemy nearer than Harper's Ferry!"

With that he wheeled away, and even the horse he was riding threw up his heels as if in contempt of that kind of war; for the officer in command of the militia had fired without orders, and without much more than an excited suspicion that there were enemies lurking in the forest beyond Dave's ravine.

"What if a shell had tumbled down here?" thought Davis. "It would have taken me for a spy, and shelled me out. Guess I'd better keep still; but if our men are there, don't I wish I could join them!"

He did not even know that they were not there; and he finally crept from bush to bush and rock to rock, like a young Indian, before he reached a spot from which he dared to look out and discover that the valiant militia that had manufactured that one-sided skirmish had marched away—uniforms, guns, and all. What would Barry have thought if he could then have heard Dave exclaim:

"This is the dullest kind of work! I want to get through to General Lee!"

How could there be anything dull in dodging a whole army, and in being fired over by a battery of artillery and a regiment of militia?

Dave said that it was; and then he went into the very woods that had been fired at, and pushed on in a harassing, disappointing search for the Confederate part of all that firing. It had not been there. Nothing had been there but an unaccountable report, made by a militia scouting party, that they had discovered more or less of Lee's or somebody's army in ambush. Nevertheless, Davis felt sure that no Federal troops could be there, and so he could go ahead without danger of immediate interruption.

"Sunday?" he said to himself. "Mother and Lillian will be at church, but I wish I were at General Lee's headquarters. At this rate I shan't get there before the end of the week."

CHAPTER VIII.

REPORTING TO GENERAL LEE.

HE truce between Barry and Lilian had been made with reference to politics and army matters. It did not include new clothes, and Barry was aware of it. Besides, it was Sunday morning and nearly church-time, and Lilian managed to keep the peace only until then. Barry stood for a full minute looking longingly at his old suit lying on a chair. As much of him as could get into that suit had been very much at home there. Much more of him was now stylishly covered up, but not comfortably—considering the fact that it was now time to go downstairs.

. Down he went, and he marched boldly into the parlor, where the others were already assembled. The very first glances that came at him caused him to inquire:

“Is it so very loose, mother?”

“Why, Barry,” she said, “it is pretty loose; but then it’s such very warm weather!”

No other criticisms were made aloud, but he felt

absolutely sure from something in Lilian's face that she was thinking about his new suit. She was almost silent while they were walking along toward church; but at length she said suddenly:

"You are all in blue. Almost every one we've met wears blue. Your suit is just like Dave's, too. I'm tired of it. I wish I could see some ranks of men in Southern gray or butternut. It won't be long, though, before I shall."

"Yes, it will," said Barry, positively.

Neither of them said anything more all the remainder of the way, nor even when they reached the church and went into Mrs. Redding's pew. It was a large, noble-looking church, and it was filling rapidly. Lilian and her mother hardly looked around them when they went in; but Barry did, and he at once forgot all about the fit of his new blue suit.

Over the pulpit were crossed two great banners, the Stars and Stripes, half furled and hung with crape.

The moment Lilian lifted her head she turned and said to Barry: "Flags here? What for?"

"'Sh, Lilian!" whispered back Barry. "It's a funeral service for the members of the church who fell in battle. Don't you see? Those front pews are full of returned volunteers."

"It's right!" was what Mrs. Randolph was saying to herself.

"Yes," said Lilian to Barry, "but hear that grand organ! It almost speaks."

Barry was silent. He was not so much hearing as he was feeling the full volume of thunderous yet wailing sound with which the air in that church was trembling. A great many people bowed their heads again.

There came a sort of shudder in the music, and then through all the organ-sound there cleft another—a faint, gasping, quickly-cut-off cry of a woman's voice.

"I know how she feels," murmured Mrs. Randolph. "He did not come home. She could not help it. God help her! Poor thing, poor thing!"

The great burst of solemn music slowly died away among the crowded aisles of the city church, as an altogether different kind of music rang out suddenly in a far-away and very different place. This was not in any church or city or village, but in a narrow and wooded valley, through the middle of which ran a stream with a dusty road to keep it company. The music here was very clear and sweet, for it came from a bugle, and its mellow notes carried orders to a column of mounted men.

The officer who commanded them rode at their head, a little in advance; but he drew his rein sharply as a boyish form stepped out from some bushes into the

road, and a shrill, intensely agitated voice shouted, "Halt!"

"Halt!" loudly echoed the officer. The bugle sent the order back to the very end of the column, and horses and men stood still.

The boy was now at the side of the officer's horse, and leaned against it as he added, appearing to do so with great effort:

"A strong force of Federal cavalry, four field-pieces, regiment of infantry, just beyond the ridge. Retreat!"

"Who are you?" asked the officer, looking sternly down into the pale, upturning face of the boy.

"Lean over, colonel," he said. "It's a secret. I must whisper." The officer bowed low to hear. "I'm Davis Mason Randolph. My uncle, General John Mason Randolph. Dispatches for General Lee—private!" There the whisper ended, for Dave had fainted away.

Down sprang the colonel. Down came another officer and two cavalymen and the bugler. They lifted Dave and poured something into his mouth.

"Not wounded, my boy?" asked the colonel, as Dave's eyes slowly opened.

"No," said Dave; "but I've only eaten twice in more than two days. Been almost running since sunrise. I've had to work my way around camps and

through the woods and mountains. Dodging pickets and scouting parties. You haven't any time to lose. They're too strong for you."

They made him eat and drink a little, and then they put him on a horse behind one of the men, and rode back along the winding valley. Hardly were they out of sight before there were men in blue uniforms, and cannon posted upon the ridge Dave had pointed at, and men with picks and spades were throwing up a breastwork across the road; for that little valley was one of the important passes of the terrible summer campaign in upper Maryland, and the Union forces had seized it just in time.

Dave rapidly grew stronger, but the colonel agreed with him that he had no right to say much about his errand until he could say it to General Randolph or to General Lee himself.

"That, however, must be done right away," said the colonel. "Can you stand it to ride so far?"

"I shan't faint again, now I've had something to eat," replied Dave. "I can ride till I see General Lee."

"Plucky boy!" said the colonel; but Dave had a ride of many long miles before him.

Still, it was not many hours later when there was a gathering of remarkable-looking men in a large room of an old farm-house, and the horse Dave had

ridden stood hitched near the gate in front of the house.

"General Randolph," said an officer to whom one of the others had been talking, "you have a right to be proud of your nephew. Where is he?"

"Come in, Davis," said General Randolph. "You are to report to General Lee."

In came the all but worn-out boy messenger, and he had evidently been trying to brush the dust from his blue suit, but he had failed almost entirely. The room seemed to swim before him, but he gathered all his courage and strength to stand in the presence of those great warriors and tell them what he had done.

General Lee's hand held the letter from Mrs. Randolph to Uncle John, and he said kindly:

"Speak right out, my boy!"

"Flat-iron," began Davis, blushing and stammering, as he pointed at the letter.

"Of course!" interrupted the general. "Heat one at once! Now, Davis, what have you seen? You came with the Federal forces? Through them? Where are they?"

"General Hooker's army is at Frederick, Maryland," said Dave. "I crept around them in the night, through the hills, woods. All the Army of the Potomac is on its way to meet us. Close at hand——"

"Stop there!" exclaimed General Lee, while the other officers exchanged rapid glances, full of surprise. "This is the most important news we have had. We won't touch Harrisburg yet. All forces must be ordered to concentrate near Gettysburg. General Randolph, your nephew has selected the battle-ground where the fate of this war is to be decided."

Dave felt like burning up rather than fainting away, but he was still weak from fasting and fatigue, and it required all his pluck to keep up and talk right on while the flat-iron was heating. He had a great many rapid questions put to him, and his answers included the talk of the gentlemen in the railway car on the way to Philadelphia. The sleepy boy in the seat corner by the window had hardly forgotten a word of it.

The flat-iron came, and his mother's letter was laid open upon a table and pressed hard. The invisible writing between the lines came out clear, black, legible; and General Lee's face grew flushed and earnest as he read.

"Gentlemen," he said to the few entirely trusted men around him, "New York is ready to rise on the day set for the draft, July 11th. We need but to win one sweeping victory a few days earlier. Our friends there are ready. They can take the city without a blow. What an hour this is! I shall risk this army

at Gettysburg upon the cast of that die! What is it, General Randolph?"

"Davis tells me that the city is full of discharged Federal soldiers—veterans—and that the police force, thoroughly drilled, are equal to a full brigade. There are gunboats in the harbor."

"Just so, Randolph! Vernon says so. Mapleson understands it fully. He counts upon the thousands of drafted men who are determined not to be torn from their homes. They will not hinder him, if they do not help him. The sincere friends of the South, however, are even a more trustworthy reliance. They are equal in number to a corps of our army——" He paused, and another general officer added, with a smile that seemed sarcastically bitter:

"I know Mapleson. Tell it all, general! He will arm all the convicts in all the jails, all the worst part of the foreign population, and all the red-flag anarchists. They will all rise, and he will try and put them where they will all be killed. He is a genius! We must win his victory for him. He won't care much for police and disbanded volunteers, now all the militia are out here to face us."

That, too, had been part of the news Davis brought to his commander; but the next orders he received were to eat again and go to sleep. He obeyed both orders, although he tried to keep his eyes open after

he lay down. It was of no use at all, for just as he was saying, "Don't I wish mother and Lilian knew where I am and what I've been doing! Isn't this splendid? I'm in the headquarters of General Lee!—the greatest general—" his eyelids came together, and all he could do after that was to dream. That was something, perhaps; for in his dreams he seemed to himself to be talking with those he went to sleep thinking of.

"There I sat, mother, hid in the hemlock tree, while the Federal cavalry rode by—thousands on thousands! No, Lil, I didn't get hit, but the bullets buzzed right over me. I lay in the hollow I'd crept into till the skirmish was over. You can go without eating a day at a time, but you don't want to do it two days running—not if you're on a scout. But I saw General Lee and Uncle John. We're coming to take New York, soon's we've won this victory right here."

While he was dreaming of his mother and sister, they were thinking of him.

It was late in the day, and they were in their own room.

"It is too bad," said Mrs. Randolph, "that we cannot know what has become of him."

"I believe he got through," said Lilian. "I feel sure of it. He is somewhere under our own flag. I

mustn't put it out at the window, but I'm going to put it where I can see it. I won't leave it furled up all the time."

It stood in a corner, as if waiting for either her or General Lee to come. She unrolled it, but the bed offered the only place to spread it—or the floor. After all, however, when it was fully opened out it had a look of being only another kind of Stars and Stripes. There was the same idea looking through it.

"I know Dave is under it somewhere," she repeated positively; but she could not have guessed the precise way in which she was literally correct.

Davis lay upon a camp-bed, in a little, narrow, sloping-roofed, farmhouse bedroom; and just then a foot-step came slowly in, and another; and two men stood looking at him.

"I will not wake him up, Randolph," said one of them. "Let him sleep it out. I'll ask my questions by-and-by. When he wakes up, tell him I did this. Tell him to keep it."

He held in his hand a Confederate flag and staff, of the ordinary signal-size. He unrolled it and spread it lightly over Dave, remarking in a low voice:

"It's all the keepsake I can give him. God bless the boys of the South! Randolph, they must take your place and mine, one of these days. He will win his stars yet, if he lives."



General Lee covers sleeping Dave with the Confederate flag.

"That is a star for him, General Lee," replied Uncle John.

Lilian herself would have said so.

Hours later, when Dave's long slumber of exhaustion ended, and he opened his eyes, he uttered a loud, startled:

"Hullo!"

It was as if he had called for somebody, and a soldier at once entered the room.

"Yes, sir; what is it? I'm to take charge of you—General Randolph's orders. You are to follow the staff until you catch up with them."

"Who put this here?" asked Dave.

The soldier's eyes were dancing with eager enthusiasm as he replied:

"They say you deserved it. Glad you did! Biggest honor any boy o' your inches ever got! Why, my boy, General Lee put it there!"

Dave sprang to his feet with the staff of that flag in his hand, but he could not speak. It was too much.

"Come along!" said the soldier. "I know how you feel. Won't the boys cheer when they see ye with that? They know you worked your way clean through Hooker's army somehow. True Old Virginny grit!"

He was evidently a Virginian himself, like Dave and General Lee, but he did not have one trouble that

came to his young hero. It was an awful thing to Dave to have to lay that flag down while he managed a knife and fork.

Barry was also in some trouble that afternoon. He was all in blue, without being in uniform; and he felt that he must really be a soldier of some kind. He did not remain in the house, but took a walk—he hardly knew or cared where.

“I want to know what’s going on,” he said. “Dave did. He was bound to do something for his own side of the war. I can’t do a thing! Tell you what! how’d I feel selling newspapers that told of a defeat of our army? I just couldn’t! I won’t!”

He was feeling very patriotic, but he had not taken any pains to know what street he was walking in; and at that moment he was called away from his own thoughts by the queerest shouting he had ever heard.

He was passing by a dingy kind of house which looked to him, as he said, “like an empty beer-shop without any sign.” Whatever else it was, he could see that it was crowded; for the door stood half-way open, and he could look in.

“I don’t want to go in,” he exclaimed; “but if that isn’t Palovski!”

There he was, on a platform at the other end of a long room, swinging his arms and shouting furiously, in a voice which now and then became almost a shriek.

The room was densely packed with men, for the greater part poorly clad; and among them were scattered many women. All were bareheaded—men and women alike—and all were listening excitedly, except when they applauded.

“I wonder what language he is speaking in,” said Barry. “Hullo! that’s awful! It’s like an auctioneer’s flag, or a danger flag at a rock-blasting. I know what it means.”

True enough! Palovski and his friends had a flag of their own; and it was very red, like a flag of danger or a flag of selling out after a failure. He swung it over his head, and he shouted more hoarsely than ever; and Barry caught the one word “draft!” but at that moment the door, which had been opened to let a little air into that hot room, was slammed shut, and he could see and hear no more.

“Anarchists!” he said. “Palovski and all of them are opposed to the draft. I thought they only met in secret. Anyhow, nobody could guess what he’s been saying, if ’twasn’t for that red flag. There’s a great deal in a flag. Hurrah for the Stars and Stripes! Old Glory!”

“Dot’s right, my poy!” exclaimed a hearty, cheery voice behind him. “I say so! I vas fight mit Sigel! Hurrah for de goot flag!”

He was a big, yellow-bearded man, and looked as

if he might count for something on any side he fought for. Barry was as glad to meet him as if he had been an old friend, and at once told him hurriedly about Palovski's meeting and the red flag.

"Oh!" laughed the big German, contemptuously; "dose fellow? Dere vas no fight in dose anarchy. My poy, dot lot of fellow vas fit only to break stone een Sing Sing. Dey vas all t'ief, t'ief, ropper, cut-t'roat!—not von soldier among dem. I go in mit a goot club ant clean dem all out o' dot crib."

"I wish you would, then," said Barry. "I'd like to burn up their red flag!"



Kid Vogle hooting into the ear of Respectability.

CHAPTER IX.

THE FIRST GUN OF THE BATTLE.

HE month of June came to a close in the middle of the week. It was one of the most excited weeks that New York had ever seen, but it was especially hard on newsboys.

"I say, Barry," shouted Kid, when they met near the *Herald* building early on Wednesday morning, "isn't this just awful? You bet it is! You can't sell out one extra before there's another."

"Any more news?" inquired Barry eagerly, but at that moment Kid's ever-watchful eyes were caught by a probable customer and he darted away. "He's got him!" exclaimed the Shiner.

That was precisely so. An elderly, heavily made, very respectable man, with a bright silk hat on, had shoved it back a little to look up at the bulletin-board on the front of the *Herald* Building. He was trying to read something there, when it seemed to him as if an owl, or a young locomotive, had howled into his ear, "Ax-tree!"

"Bless my soul! What is it? You don't say?"

But one hand went up toward that ear, and off went his hat, to be picked up and handed him by Barry, while he paid Kid for the "last extry." Just as the change was made, Kid suddenly exclaimed to his partners:

"Rush in, boys! Get 'em! There's another extry comin' downstairs now. Mebbe Lee's been licked, or suthin'."

They were all off in a twinkling, and the old gentleman stood and looked at his purchase.

"Bless my soul!" he exclaimed. "That makes four of the same kind that I've purchased this morning. But then, the boy was not aware of that fact, and I cannot justly find fault with him. I wish I knew how this battle is going to turn out. It is of vast importance to the entire business community. Especially to the banking interest."

He and Kid, therefore, were of somewhat the same mind, except that Kid was thinking more of the great newsboy interest. Barry was not thinking of either banks or newspapers during the next few minutes. He only succeeded in getting a few of that lot of *Heralds*, and they were going out of his hands pretty rapidly, when a voice he knew said to him hurriedly:

"Barry, Barry! I want one! Keep one for me!"

"Lilian!" exclaimed Barry. "You — away down here?"

"I couldn't help it," she said. "I want to know what's going on, and it's so tiresome staying in the house. Mother said I might come. Is there any news?"

"There's a paper," he said. "It's the last there is out; but there isn't anything yet."

"There must be something pretty soon," began Lilian, putting a hand into her pocket, as if she were going to pay him.

"No, you don't," he exclaimed, with a deep flush on his face. "If it wasn't my duty to make money for mother I couldn't sell papers—not this week. She needs it. Father'll be in that battle."

"What battle?" asked an excited-looking gentleman who held out a hand for a copy of the *Tribune* extra.

"Meade's battle with Lee," began Barry. "But I don't believe it's begun yet. It's only nine o'clock."

All their eyes turned toward the great clock-face on the cupola of the City Hall, and sure enough——

"Just nine," said Lilian, "but what's that?"

"Only a signal gun," said the gentleman. "It's from one of the forts in the harbor."

"That's so," said Barry.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Lilian; "do you suppose the battle has really begun?"

Nobody who heard that solitary cannon speak out over the glancing, dancing, laughing water of New York Bay knew that precisely at nine o'clock a Union cavalry general, with other officers, stood in front of the old tavern in Gettysburg; and he was saying:

"Major, what are you here for?"

"Shoes for our brigade."

"Go back to your command at once!"

"Why, general, what's the matter?"

The general had turned his head as if listening, and they all heard the dull and far-away sound of a single heavy gun.

"That's what's the matter!" shouted the general, stepping forward, springing to the saddle of his horse, and dashing rapidly away.

The battle of Gettysburg, which both armies had been so many days preparing for and marching toward, had begun at nine o'clock, July 1st.

"Barry," said Lilian, "I'd rather sell papers or do almost anything than sit in the house and wait."

"You'd better go home, though," said Barry. "If there's any news at noon, and there won't be, I'll try and bring it."

Away walked Lilian with her paper, and with an idea that City Hall Square was about the hottest, most crowded, most disagreeable place she knew of.

"The Stars and Stripes everywhere!" she said;

"but it won't be long before I shall come down to see our own flag on the City Hall, and on all the other buildings. I'll take mine and go out to meet our army when it marches in."

Her eyes flashed, her cheeks reddened, her step grew prouder, and she had only walked a little further when she added:

"Don't I wish I were a regiment! They say there are no Federal troops in New York just now. If General Lee knew, or if he could send some of ours here! Uncle John's brigade could take the city. I'd be sorry for Barry and his mother, though. Oh dear me! But Dave will tell them all about it. I believe he has got there and told already. Uncle John will be in the battle. Davis won't."

Up-town, in the boarding-house, Mrs. Redding and Mrs. Randolph had met in the dining-room. They stood a moment and looked each other in the face; for they too had been talking about the coming struggle between the armies.

"Mrs. Redding," said her Southern friend, "you needn't say another word. I know precisely how you feel. God keep him! Once, you know, it was my own husband."

"Indeed, we mustn't talk about it," said Mrs. Redding. "I dare not let myself think about it. I do hope they won't let Dave——"

And that was really all they could say, for they were like nearly all other people—they knew what was coming, and somehow they felt almost sure that a fight was going on.

Barry went right along selling newspapers, but he probably did not guess how often he said to himself:

“I wish I were there!—right in the middle of it—somewhere near father! I’d give anything to be in one real, great battle!”

Once only he added:

“Perhaps I’ll see a battle if I stay where I am. If there’s any danger of New York being captured I’ll get a gun somehow. Oh, but won’t there be a fight before they get in!”

He was working his way homeward, selling out all his morning papers as he went; and he was at last saying, just inside of his own doorway:

“Yes, mother, there was a bulletin on the *Tribune* board that Lee and Meade were firing;” and Lilian interrupted with:

“Davis is there—I know he is! I wish I could see him!”

“You can be mighty glad you’re not there then,” replied Barry. “You couldn’t do one thing if you were.”

“I could stand anything Dave can,” said Lilian. But girls can’t do anything.”

"Perhaps they can," said Barry. "Who was it swung that flag? But you mustn't do it again—not just now. 'Twouldn't be so safe."

Barry had more to tell, and he had brought papers; but he had not brought the very latest news. The newsboys who remained down-town had a little more, and Kid Vogel did not at all know what he meant when he dashed down Broadway, shouting:

"Vicksburg! Grant! Goin' to salt it right away! Yes, sir. Mr. Mapleson. *Heral'*, *Times*, *Worl'*, *Sun!*"

"I'll take a copy of each," said the dignified man with the stiff, white moustache. "Going to try to take Vicksburg by assault, is he? Then he's crazy."

That had been at about noon, but people in the North should have been listening for sounds in the Southwest, as well as at Gettysburg, at nine o'clock that morning. All around Vicksburg and the long lines of earthworks it seemed to be one roar of sound. The Federal works had been somehow drawing nearer and nearer that town. The Confederate works had not narrowed any, but they had a shut-up look, and as if they and the men behind them were getting tired out.

Nine o'clock! and suddenly one sound boomed loudly above all the others. It was a great burst of sound, and a part of one of the most important Confederate

forts, or works, went up into the air in a vast cloud of dust and smoke and fire. A mine had been dug away in under it, and a ton of gunpowder had been fired off at once. If Barry could have seen it he might have gained one more idea about war; for when the dust settled there could be seen a great gap, through which men could charge whenever the time should come for them to do so. It was the news of the explosion of that mine which was telegraphed to New York, and which made Kid Vogel shout:

"Salt! Vicksburg!" all the way down Broadway. He was no more excited than usual, although he seemed to hoot louder. Perhaps his voice was improving with constant training, but there was no need of it.

Barry, on the other hand, was very silent at the house, and so was Lilian. There seemed to be a feeling that they ought to be enemies that day, even if they really were not. Anyhow, Barry left the table as soon as he could; and his mother quickly followed him, for he had beckoned her.

"What is it?" she said.

"Mother," he exclaimed, "we can't do anything; but I do hope Lil won't bring out that Secesh flag to-day. She mustn't!"

"Indeed she must not!" replied Mrs. Redding. "I hope she won't be so foolish."

"They shall never take New York, mother!"

"They never will! Barry?"

"Well, mother?"

"How much money have you got laid by, besides what you need for papers?"

"More'n four dollars," said Barry.

"Well!" exclaimed his mother, with energy, and with a good deal of excitement in her eyes. "Mr. Mickles has paid his bill at last. He means all right, but he's awful slack; and I've paid all I owe; and I won't be without a gun or something to shoot with in this house."

"Just what I was thinking of!" shouted Barry. "I want to buy a revolver. I know where I can get a real good one—large size, cheap. Second-hand, but it's a Colt's six-shooter."

"Go and get it!" she said. "Get two if you can! Get ammunition. 'Tisn't right not to have them. I don't know what to get. Revolvers are better than guns, I guess. Two revolvers 'll go off a dozen times."

"Hurrah!" shouted Barry again; for she handed him three five-dollar bills. "I'm off! I'll get 'em! Mother, put the flag in the parlor window and keep it flying! This house is Union!"

Part of it was, beyond a doubt, as any one passing along the street could shortly see; but the back room

on the third floor, nevertheless, could not be entered without the discovery that the mirror over the dressing-bureau was liberally draped with the Stars and Bars; while under them lay a sword in a sheath.

"There, now!" said Lilian, as she finished placing the folds of bunting; "I just love that flag! Isn't it splendid? We won't have to hide it a great while longer!"

"Lilian," said Mrs. Randolph, in a low, tremulous voice, "if General Lee had with him all the brave men who cannot be there to-day, he might win the victory."

She was looking at the sheathed sword, and then Lilian looked at it; and then—well, neither of them could see anything for a few minutes. So much mist arose in their eyes that it hid the flag and the sheathed sword that was sheathed forever.

"Barry!" shouted Kid, when they again met in City Hall Square, "ain't this awful? There's an extry every half-hour. They're fightin' like cats an' dogs!"

"Let's pitch in!" replied Barry; but Kid did not hear him add to himself, "I've got to make money! If Lee should beat Meade, I'd want to buy lots of cartridges."

It was a great day for newsboys, except that they could not get papers fast enough. Everybody was

wild to buy, and the crowd in front of the Stock Exchange filled the street from curbstone to curbstone.

There was a lull at last, and Barry had a whole minute to think in.

"Soon 's I get another batch of papers," he exclaimed, "I know! I'll sell 'em on Maiden Lane! There's some big gun and pistol stores along there."

It seemed like killing two birds with one stone, and it was getting late in the day. The stores might be shut if he should wait too long. He had seen them all before, and had stared in at the great show windows at the rifles, bayonets, swords, knives, pistols, cartridges, and miniature cannon. They were places that seemed to be jammed full of war.

He was only a few minutes in getting there, but he did not have to carry his load of extra papers far. They were almost taken away from him by eager men who would hardly wait for their change.

"I've made more money to-day!" he remarked. "I'll get big-sized pistols. They carry half a mile."

He was staring into a large, busy-looking establishment, but so was somebody else. In fact, there was quite a little gathering on the sidewalk; and Barry heard a harsh, guttural voice speaking in low tones, but he thought he knew it.

"We only need one pistol to each of us now. 'Tis

all we need buy. We shall seize this place first. There's enough right here to arm our friends."

"Here, Palovski!" growled another voice; "de ammunition?"

"Down there," replied Palovski, pointing toward the basement of the store. "They keep it secret, but he says it is down there. He is to be drafted. He works with them long time. He's one of us."

"Humph!" muttered Barry; "I know what he means. One of the clerks in the store is an anarchist. They keep a pile of cartridges in the cellar. More there than anybody supposes. Wonder if I ought to do anything? I don't know."

Further down the street was a different kind of man, who seemed to be also in doubt what to do.

"Mr. Mapleson," said he, "glad to meet you. How are things goin'? Have you seen the latest dispatches from Gettysburg?"

"The papers, Hunker?" said Mapleson, looking icier than ever. "I don't care what they say. Lee is sweeping all before him. This day is a defeat for the Army of the Potomac."

"Is everything ready here?" asked Hunker. "All I know of is, what our folks want is arms."

"There they are," said Mapleson, pointing back along the street. "We shall have them first thing—all the militia armories and the gun factories at the

same hour—every gun store in the city, all the government depositories of arms—enough to fit out an army corps!—cannon, too!”

“The gunboats will protect the Navy Yard,” said Hunker. We can’t cross the East River in ferry-boats against them.”

“We shall not need to,” said Mapleson. “The Navy Yard is to be captured from the Brooklyn side. There are heavy guns there—enough to knock all the gunboats to pieces. New York is ours, safely enough. You and your men will take care of the provision business.”

“Everything,” said Hunker; “and all the clothing stores. But about the Sub-Treasury and the banks?”

“They will all be full of men at the same stroke of the clock,” said Mapleson. “That is the easiest part of the whole job. The red-flag people will seize the police-stations, while the policemen are scattered all over the city.”

Barry did not hear that conversation. Nobody else but the two conspirators heard it; for it passed between them in low, intensely secret whispers, and they separated at a street corner—each to his own part of what he believed was about to come to pass.

Even what Palovski had said was temporarily driven from Barry’s mind by the excitement of buying two large Colt’s navy revolvers at half-price, and a hundred

rounds of copper cartridges. Both of his weapons had seen service and were "second-hand," but they were in good condition. His fingers trembled when he tried the locks, but he made a great effort to look as if he were used to pistols.

"Going into the army?" asked the man behind the counter, as he wrapped up Barry's purchases for him.

"Wish I was at Gettysburg!" said Barry.

"If you were you would wish you were here again," laughed the salesman.

"Tell you what, though!" said Barry, "I wouldn't want to be in this store on the day of the draft."

"Why not?" inquired a deep voice behind him, and Barry turned around to see a powerful-looking man in police uniform. "Why not?" he asked again. "I'm police inspector."

"Because the drafted men are going to fight the draft if Meade gets whipped at Gettysburg," said Barry; "and they're coming here to get these guns."

"That's just what we won't let them do, then," said the Inspector, laughing. "I've heard that talk. Where did you hear it?"

"In that crowd at the door," said Barry. "No; they're gone now."

"I saw them," nodded the Inspector. "We shall be ready for them."

"My father's in the army," said Barry. "I'm too

young yet. Mother told me to buy these things. I don't believe Lee can whip Meade."

He felt confused before the inspector's keen, piercing eyes, and he was quite willing to hurry away; but the tall officer turned to the salesman and said:

"Do you know, that boy is right? I look for trouble. So do we all. That is, if the Army of the Potomac is beaten."

"They say it is," replied the salesman, gloomily.

"Only for one day," said the inspector, with energy. "It always takes our boys three days to find out whether they are whipped or not. General Lee has a rough road to travel after that, too."

It is not at all strange, sometimes, that sensible men who are far away from each other should think alike.

Davis Randolph, down beyond Gettysburg, could not hear the remarks of the inspector, but he could hear what was said by some men who were speaking close by him, as the long midsummer day waned hotly toward an end.

"General," said one of them, "what do you think now? We have driven the Federals all day. It's a complete victory!"

"No, it is not," was thoughtfully responded; "it's only a beginning. We have only broken the outer edges of Meade's army. You must remember that it

is the old Army of the Potomac. We have met them before. What do you think, General Randolph?"

"I think we have done well to-day. I think we shall beat them again to-morrow. Very likely we shall beat them again the third day."

"I thought you would say so," exclaimed the first speaker, "but you were going to say something more."

"Yes," said the other general; "what then—after the third day's victory?"

"Then?" said General Randolph, with an expression of pain on his face that Davis took sharp notice of—"Then, all that's left of us will go back to Virginia."

They were walking away toward General Lee's headquarters as they talked, and Dave looked after them with a feeling of astonishment.

"Retreat?" he said to himself, "after a big victory? Why, no; as soon as our friends up there have taken New York, this army will march right in and keep possession of it. That's what General Lee means to do. All they want there is just the victory we are winning."

CHAPTER X.

THE BATTLE-FIELD.

LL over the great city, on that second day of July, 1863, there seemed to be a kind of hush. Everybody was up very early, and work and business seemed to go on as usual. It was a long day, and it was dreadfully hot, for besides all the heat of the sun people were suffering from a burning fever of suspense. The only sign of coolness to be discovered anywhere was when two persons met who had an idea that they were on opposite sides in national affairs. The men whose hearts were with General Meade and the Army of the Potomac were very icy to the men whose hearts might be with General Lee. Even Barry Redding, as he was going out of the house in the morning, remarked to himself:

“I’m just glad Dave isn’t here to-day. I don’t want to see him. Glad I dodged out, too, before Lilian or Mrs. Randolph came downstairs. I don’t want to see anybody that isn’t on our side.”

Lilian felt somewhat as he did, for she said to her mother:

"I know we shall win the victory, and I don't want Barry to see how glad I am."

"Yes, Lilian," replied Mrs. Randolph thoughtfully; "I would be careful. I am sorry for Mrs. Redding. She must be feeling very badly to-day."

Mrs. Redding was in her room just then, and there was a peculiar look on her face. It was not at all despondent.

Before her on her dressing-bureau lay both of Barry's purchases at the gun-store, and she had opened a box of metallic cartridges.

"I know how to put them in now," she said. "I've snapped and snapped them, till I know just how to fire them off. I wish Barry and I, and all the women who feel as I do, could re-enforce our troops at Gettysburg."

She did not speak of Vicksburg; perhaps because it was so far away in the Mississippi Valley, and perhaps because her husband was not there; but Barry read something about it in the papers he was selling. So did other people, but it seemed as if the war in the West was somehow hidden a little by the great clouds of battle in the East. Nevertheless, when Mr. Hunker met Mr. Mapleson he asked:

"What if that good-for-nothing fellow Grant should really take Vicksburg?"

"It wouldn't make any difference what he took,"

replied Mr. Mapleson calmly, "if the Army of the Potomac is thoroughly beaten at Gettysburg to-day, as it will be, and if we take New York. This is a bigger political fort than Vicksburg. I think we shall know to-night or to-morrow morning, but we must keep very still."

"I'll talk Union all day," exclaimed Mr. Hunker. "The Lincoln men are feeling ugly. It isn't safe to rile 'em. I don't care to run no risks."

That was a little like what Kid Vogel said to the Shiner and Barry.

"Look out, boys!" he advised them. "Jest holler extry, and say it's latest erdish'n. I got shook by one old feller, like I was a rat, for hollerin' 'Defeat of the P'tomick.' He bought one paper of each kind, though—all 'round—and said he'd find out how it really was."

"Don't you worry!" said Barry. "Nobody knows how a battle's going till it's all over."

Newspapers were demanded that day faster than they could be printed; only that every buyer wanted a later edition than the one that was out. The Shiner remarked:

"Biggest day we ever had! but what if the telegraph-wire breaks down? Wouldn't that be awful?"

"Guess it won't," said Kid; "but if it did, they'd run out extries just the same. Do you s'pose they'd

stop printin', long 's there was fellers holdin' out stamps?"

"Not much!" replied the Shiner; but Barry turned away, saying to himself:

"Seems to me I was never so tired in all my life. It's the battle."

That was it. Everybody grew more and more weary as the shadows lengthened and the day of suspense drew slowly to a close.

The telegraph-wires had worked hard, as had the printing-presses; but neither had broken down.

They were busier than ever when at last Barry stood still on a street corner, saying:

"I don't care! I won't sell another paper! I'll take these home with me. I can't stand it!"

So it seemed to others; for even the packed street-car he went uptown in was as silent as if it belonged to a funeral procession.

Even the people who had remained indoors wore a wilted look, as if they had been undergoing the fatigue of a battle in the hot sun.

"I do wish Barry 'd get home! I want to see what the news is," said Mrs. Randolph to Lilian. "It is so late! Why doesn't he come home?"

"I want him to come, and I don't," said Lilian. "He and his mother will feel dreadfully. There! he's coming in now! I hope he has brought some papers."

He had; but when he reached the house he went straight to his mother's room.

"I knew I'd find you here," he said, as he gave her the papers.

"Why, Barry!" she exclaimed, "what is it?" for he at once threw himself, face downward, upon the bed.

"They say we are defeated!" he groaned.

She turned pale for a moment, and then she slowly opened a paper.

"I don't believe it," she said. "I won't believe it! Why, Barry, you must have read the wrong paper. The battle's only half done. Barry, get up! The Forty-second hasn't been in the fight at all yet, so far as I can see. No, it wasn't yesterday, either. Your father will come home as good as ever after Meade has beaten Lee. I'll take the other papers to Mrs. Randolph. They need all the comfort they can get."

"I'll read this while you are gone," he said, as he stood up again. "Guess I was tired."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Randolph, as the papers were handed in. "We did so want to see them. Is it a victory?"

"Nobody knows what it is," replied Mrs. Redding. "Our troops are getting there. Read the papers."

She hurried away, as if something in her throat prevented her saying more; but as she re-entered her own room Barry said to her:

"Mother, I feel better. Tell you what! I heard an army officer say down-town, if this keeps on, and they fight to-morrow, both sides 'll be used up, like two Kilkenny cats, and that 'll be the end of Lee's invasion."

"Not if he wins a victory," she said.

"Well," replied Barry, "he said a three days' victory was as bad for him as one day's defeat."

Barry himself could not understand it or explain it, but he was glad it had been said by a man with eagle shoulder-straps and a pair of crutches.

"I'm glad we can't see the battle-field to-night," said his mother to Mrs. Randolph, when they met before supper. "It must be terrible!—dreadful!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Randolph, with a shudder; "I saw some of the battle-fields around Richmond—the first great battles between Lee and McClellan. This must be worse."

"How I wish I knew if Dave is there!" said Lilian.

Nobody ever sees the whole of a battle-field; and Dave was there without having seen any great part of the first or second day's fighting.

"Here I have been all day," he said. "I've heard the roar of guns; I've seen troops and cannon go forward; I've seen any amount of smoke; but I haven't seen any battle. Have we really won a victory, Uncle John?"

They were standing in front of a tent near which an orderly held the horse from which Uncle John had dismounted.

"I've seen some of it," he said, in reply. "Yes, we have beaten them so far; but they are the best soldiers on the earth—next to ours. Braver men never walked! This is a horrible war! I wish it were over!"

"Shall we finish our victory to-morrow?" asked Dave. "If we don't we shall never take New York."

"I can't talk any more to-night," said Uncle John. "I'm exhausted. I must go in and sleep as long as I can. I'll have something to say to you to-morrow morning."

It was getting dark, and it was only now and then that the brooding silence was broken by the sound of a distant cannon.

"Strangest thing!" said Dave to himself, as his uncle went into the tent. "Some of the hardest fighting of yesterday was done close by where we are camped now. Our boys drove the Federals right across all this ground. But, for all that, I can't guess where the fighting has been to-day, nor where it is going to be to-morrow."

He was only a boy, and it was no wonder he was puzzled; for that was the very question before two councils of war. General Lee and his best advisers

were receiving reports from all parts of the field, and were in great doubt about what would be their best plan for the next day. General Meade had called together his corps commanders, and had asked them whether it were best to retreat or to fight again. They had decided to fight, with much doubt as to precisely the lines and manner of the battle.

They decided all the questions that seemed to be before them, and they decided one question more that they did not know or mention.

This question was discussed by a little knot of men in an elegantly furnished room in a hotel of the great city itself.

"On the whole, Mapleson," asked one of them, "how does it look?"

"Look?" said Mr. Mapleson; "it all looks one way. Meade is only half defeated. If he and his generals were worth their salt they would fight again. They will not, though. They will retreat; and as soon as it is known here that they have retreated the draft is impossible, and New York is ours the day they try it on."

So the draft was one of the questions decided by General Meade and his council of war, without one general among them all dreaming that they were deciding it.

There were thousands asleep upon the battle-field—

thousands who were worn-out with the combats and marches of the day, and thousands more who would never awake again. There were other thousands who could not sleep, because of the pain their wounds gave them; and besides all these were the sleepless watchers and the sore hearts full of grief over the events of the day and of anxiety concerning the results of the morrow. There had really been two victories and two defeats; for the right wing only of the Army of the Potomac had been beaten, and so had the right wing of the army under General Lee. The Union centre had also been somewhat broken, however; and things did not look very well.

The sun of the third day of July arose above the horizon red and lowering; and its first clear light, long before it was high enough to look down into the streets of the city, found Lilian Randolph at her window.

"I feel just as you do," said her mother, coming to sit down by her. "I couldn't sleep, either. It seems as if everybody ought to be up and dressed. Oh, what a day this is going to be!"

"I want to know where Dave is!" exclaimed Lilian. "I wish I could see the battle!—see the splendid regiments of the South, with our flag at their head, charging on to victory!"

"Or else——" began Mrs. Randolph, but there she

stopped and both were silent; for "or else" meant a great deal in the morning before a great battle.

"It was real good of you, Dinah," said Barry, down in the dining-room, "to get up so early and have my breakfast ready."

"Bress yer soul, honey!" exclaimed Diana, as she came in with some coffee; "I jes' wants ye to git out of de house and go an' see wot news dar is from de wah. I wish dey all had a good breakfuss 'fore dey begin."

Some of them did, and some of them did not; for the cooking arrangements around a battle-field are never very good. The rattle of musketry and the roar of cannon, however, began with the dawn. There was hard fighting all along the lines after that, but toward noon there was a strange and terrible lull.

"Uncle John," said Dave, as he stood beside him on the crest of a ridge, "I can see more of the enemy than I ever did before; but what does this mean? Isn't something great coming?"

"Yes," said Uncle John, with a deep shadow on his face. "Look at the Federal lines! Look at ours! We are about to make the greatest charge of this war. If we succeed, the Army of the Potomac is destroyed; if we fail——"

Dave felt his heart beating very hard.

"What then, Uncle John?" he asked.

"Take this letter and hand it to your mother," replied Uncle John, in a low but steady tone of voice. "It tells her where to find my will. Now you must keep near General Lee. He will have an important errand for you at about sunset. Good-by!"

Dave tried to ask another question, but his voice utterly failed him. Before he could recover himself Uncle John sprang upon his horse; for just then a signal gun rang out from a battery near them, and the next moment the earth shook with the almost simultaneous roar of one hundred and fifteen cannon. Almost instantly an equal number replied to them from the Federal batteries.

"There is such a smoke," said Dave to himself after a while, "that I cannot see what is going on, but I believe our men are moving. It has been nothing but artillery work these two hours. It's a tremendous battle!"

He was silent then, for the heavy firing ceased, a wind lifted the smoke, and Dave could see the long lines of brave men under the Confederate General Pickett go forward to their desperate undertaking.

"Uncle John said they were about seventeen thousand—the best troops of our army! There's his brigade. He is leading it in person. Hurrah!"

His voice was cracked and hoarse with excitement,

but he could wave the flag General Lee had given him. He might have shouted again, if it had not been for a sense of awe which suddenly came over him as he whispered:

“There is General Lee!—watching the great charge through his telescope.”

An hour went by—another—in what seemed to Dave a long, awful dream, in which he stared at a far-away ridge of ground which was crowned with smoke and fire and fighting men.

“I can’t stay here!” he said at last; “but I must. I must obey Uncle John’s orders. Oh, how I want to be there! But I must stay near General Lee. I’d be wearing shoulder-straps if I were a man!”

At some little distance beyond the crest of the hill, where the closest, hardest fighting had been done, a man in the uniform of a Confederate brigadier-general lay upon the grass; and by him—apparently watching him—sat a Union captain, who was at the same time bandaging a wounded leg of his own. Here and there near them were men with stretchers, carrying away other wounded men. A mounted officer came past them, as if looking for somebody.

“Ah, there he is!” he said, pointing at the wounded Confederate general. “Captain Redding, can you give me his name?”

"He has not spoken," said Captain Redding; "but he is handing me a letter;" for one was feebly held out to him just as the mounted man said to the wounded Confederate general:

"General Doubleday has sent me, sir, to inquire your name and rank, and see what can be done for you."

"Captain Redding," murmured the wounded officer, "don't show that to any one! Send it! I can trust a brave comrade—" but he looked up at the messenger leaning in the saddle to hear him, and added, "Tell General Doubleday, in a few minutes I shall be where there is no rank."

His eyes closed.

"Gone?" asked the messenger.

"Gone," replied Captain Redding, and General Doubleday's aide galloped away; but Captain Redding put the letter into his own pocket, remarking:

"'Mrs. Helen M. Randolph'—at my own house in New York! Strange! I hope I shall not lose my leg."

The roar of the battle went on, and Dave heard it; and he watched with burning eyes, for he was beginning to understand something which made his heart sink.

"Come! General Lee has sent for you."

He heard the officer speak, and he followed him. Then he knew, dimly and half-blindly, that he stood in

the presence of General Lee, and that the great commander spoke to him. He saw him take a Confederate ten-dollar bill and tear it in two in the middle and again lengthwise.

"Go to New York," said General Lee, "and hand that to Mr. Vernon. If you lose it, get another and show him the torn pieces. He will understand. Go!"

Dave half staggered as he walked away; for now he knew that General Pickett's grand charge had failed, and that the army under General Lee had been defeated. He had thought that impossible.

"Can it be?" he said. "Why, the battle isn't over! Listen to the roar of guns! He must know better than I do. Anyhow, I must obey orders. I must go to New York. I wish I could see Uncle John first."

Before him, farther than he could see, were scattered the still-surg-ing wrecks of the great battle of Gettysburg. The artillery on both sides—what was left of it—was still at work.

Regiments and brigades were charging, struggling for the last mastery. Broken detachments on both sides were surrendering, or trying to escape capture. Cavalry squadrons were dashing against each other at several hard-contested points. It was a smoky horror of confusion, which the best generals of each army could not yet quite understand.



Dave starts for New York with General Lee's message.

"I've only one duty," said Dave, "and I must do that. No, I won't throw away my flag. I'll wrap it up in that Stars and Stripes and carry it with me."

A Union flag lay on the ground where there were many motionless forms around a dismounted field-piece, and Dave picked it up.

"I must get myself taken prisoner, I suppose," he said. "I'll go straight ahead."

How he did it he hardly knew, for he passed through throngs of excited, shouting, powder-blackened soldiers. Falling shells burst near him. Bullets buzzed past his head. He heard the clash of sabres and the rattle of rifles.

"General Lee is defeated! General Lee is defeated!" he murmured to himself every now and then. "He has ordered me to New York, and I must go."

CHAPTER XI.

THE TORN TEN-DOLLAR BILL.

IT was a little late when Barry reached home that 3d of July, 1863. He came into the house at the basement door, and found the dining-room apparently deserted.

"Mother, mother!" he shouted; "Vicksburg has surrendered!" and he added, as she came hurrying in, "I'm so tired I can hardly stand up."

"But what about Gettysburg?" she asked, almost breathlessly. "Is there any news from Gettysburg?"

"Yes," he said; but, as if it were almost too great a thing to tell—"Lee is defeated!"

Down she dropped into a chair, while he went on:

"There was a telegram just come before I started for home. There have been all sorts all day. We were all so hoarse we couldn't holler—not even Kid. One man sat down on the curbstone and cried, and two lame soldiers hugged each other. The people are almost crazy, they are so glad."

"Why, Barry!" exclaimed his mother; "then it must be true! New York is safe. Oh! your father!"

"They've been fighting hard all day," gasped Barry, as he too sat down; "but they say it's a victory."

"Lilian," whispered somebody in the hall, "let's go to our room! I don't want to hear any more."

"It can't be so, mother," said Lilian with a dry sob, but they hurried away; and hardly had they shut their door behind them when she again exclaimed, "It isn't so! I won't believe it!"

A deep shadow had fallen on Mrs. Randolph's face as well as on Lilian's, but she replied:

"I'm afraid it is true. Your Uncle John said in one of his letters that if those two armies got face to face again it would ruin both of them."

"Oh, Dave!" exclaimed Lilian, as she threw herself on the sofa; "he may be killed!"

"Barry!" suddenly exclaimed Mrs. Redding, down in the dining-room; "I'm afraid they heard you. They were in the hall. I'm so sorry!"

"So am I," said Barry; "but if they did, we won't have to tell them. Poor Lilian!"

That was an exceedingly long evening, for it was measured partly by doubts and partly by a continual stream of telegraphic dispatches. Nobody wanted to go to bed at all, for fear bad news might come from the battle-field while the city was asleep.

There was indeed a great deal of confusion and uncertainty in the dispatches from Gettysburg, and Mr. Hunker said so to Mr. Mapleson, adding:

"Of course the Lincoln journals put the best face they can on to it, but they've been pretty roughly handled."

"Of course they have," replied the cold, hard, steady-minded politician; "but the Army of the Potomac did not retreat. It fought hard all day, and that is the end of Lee's march northward. We can just shut up and keep still."

"But the draft?" said Mr. Hunker.

"Let it alone," said his keen-eyed friend. "It is not any of our business now. I don't propose to burn my fingers."

Mr. Hunker walked away looking very gloomy, but Mr. Mapleson went on up the street erect, smiling, vigorous; and to the first man he spoke to he said, in a loud, clear voice:

"The Army of the Potomac has only fulfilled my prophecy."

"What was that, sir?" inquired a stern-looking bystander in uniform. "I thought you were a Copperhead?" and he added, in an undertone, "You are, too."

"If that means a man of common sense," replied Mr. Mapleson, "so I am; but I prophesied that if our

troops would only stand their ground, Lee would retreat into Virginia. You will see that I am right."

"Of course you are. But I supposed you were on the other side."

"Hoping for the destruction of my own city?" said Mr. Mapleson. "Why, my dear general, I'm a man of sense."

So he seemed to be—a man of too much sense to let anybody suppose that he belonged to the defeated army in any way. Sensible people also went to sleep at last, and so did one utterly wearied-out young fellow whom the darkness had overtaken near a Pennsylvania rail-fence corner, into which he could crawl and lie down.

When the darkness again departed, in the early sunrise of Saturday, the Fourth of July, Dave slowly awoke and sat up. He seemed for a few moments to be trying to collect his wits and remember something that had happened.

"Defeated?" he said to himself. "Yes, they said so. We were defeated!" And then he sat still for some time, as if that were too much for him to stand up under.

"I don't know where I am," he said at last, as he slowly arose to his feet. "I think I marched right through the battle somehow."

That was precisely what he had done; and neither army had paid him any manner of attention. Now, however, he was aware that he must eat something, if he was to obey General Lee's orders and hurry on to New York.

"There are some tents over yonder," he said. "I'm in blue; I'm not a prisoner. I'm glad, though, that my flag is wrapped up inside of the Stars and Stripes, so I shan't lose it."

There were several tents, and one was larger than the rest. There was no sentry at the open front of it, although there were numbers of Union soldiers coming and going. Davis walked up to it and looked in.

"Hospital!" he remarked, as he took another step forward; and at that moment he heard a hearty voice near him saying:

"All right, Captain Redding! You are not going to lose your leg. The sabre-cut on your arm is a mere nothing."

"Captain Redding?" exclaimed Dave. "That must be Barry's father! Won't Mrs. Redding and Barry be glad to hear from him? I'll speak to him, and then I'll have something to tell them when I get there."

"Hullo!" said the cheerful surgeon turning around; "do you know the captain's people? Yes? You can tell them the captain will come out all right. He'll

be a major, too, or a colonel. You may speak to him for a moment."

A very faint voice from the camp-cot beside which the surgeon was standing seemed to be trying to speak louder, and Dave went quickly forward and bent down over the wounded man, whispering:

"Don't try to talk, if it hurts! I'm Mrs. Randolph's son. We live at your house. I was there only a few days ago. Both of them are well. I'll tell them."

"Say I shall come home on furlough as soon as I can move. That's all," replied the captain. "Doctor, give him that letter for my wife, please; and see that he is taken care of."

"No, I can't," said the surgeon. "He will have to take care of himself. He isn't wounded. Get right along, my boy! Orderly! send him to one of the messes for any rations they can give him. Then, my boy," he said to Dave again, "you get off to New York! This isn't a place for youngsters like you. March! There's the captain's letter. I've put the other inside and sealed it up."

Dave hastily thanked him, and sent a good-by at Captain Redding; but there was no response, for the hurt leg and the sabre-cut together really did amount to something.

"I guess Barry Redding would find out what war

is if he were here," said Dave, as he followed the soldier in charge of him. "He wouldn't need to ask any more questions if he had seen this battle. I think I shall get through to New York. Our side isn't beaten very badly, anyhow."

All around Gettysburg it was the day after the battle. Both armies were exhausted and sullen; for their losses during the three days of combat, while nearly equal, had been enormous.

All around New York, and in all the other cities and villages of the North, it was the Fourth of July after these two great victories—one in the East and one in the West.

The wooden mortars at Vicksburg were at last silent. They would never be called upon to roar again; for the Mississippi River was at last set free, from its source to its mouth.

The South tried hard, as Dave did, to believe that it had not been very badly defeated; but its best generals and its wisest men told each other that the end of the civil war could not now be far away. Many of them felt as Barry Redding did when he said to Kid:

"I don't see what they want of any more war. Why can't they stop?"

"'Cause they can't," said Kid. "If they did, the papers 'd stop printin' extrys."

"I wish they would, then," remarked the Shiner. "I got stuck with second edish'ns yesterday. Couldn't get rid of 'em 'fore the third an' fourth was out."

"I didn't," said Kid. "I just kept on hootin' till I sold 'em all; but I can't hoot wuth a cent to-day."

Barry heard guns enough that day. They were fired in honor of the Fourth of July and of the victories, and then nobody knew what the rest were fired for; and it was a great day for crackers and double-headers and Chinese bombs.

There was only one thing that seemed to put a damper on the patriotism and enthusiasm of the city. It was not the dreadful losses in the battle. Men spoke of them, indeed, and there was mourning in many houses and bitter anxiety in many more; but there was everywhere a rumbling undertone of murmuring about the draft. It was said to be all the more sure to come, so that the war could be finished quickly now General Lee had been defeated; and all the able-bodied men in the city knew that their names were on the lists and would be put into the draft lottery-wheel.

"It's rough!" remarked Kid to Barry and the Shiner. "How would you like to have to wait a whole week to know whether or not you was took for a volunteer?"

"Worst kind!" said the Shiner; "and loads of 'em are gettin' killed, now they're gettin' up these big battles. They can't run away, though. Any man that's drafted has just got to volunteer."

Barry, too, was thinking of the whole week before the draft, but he had yet another heavy weight upon his mind. He knew now, and his mother knew, that his father's regiment had been in the hottest of the battle on the third day. It had distinguished itself in the hand-to-hand struggle with the foremost men of General Pickett's grand charge. It had, of course, lost many men and many officers, but the lists of the killed and wounded had not yet been sent on. Of course they could not be made out so soon. It would be days before there could be a complete muster-roll of any considerable part of the Army of the Potomac.

"Mother won't tell me what she thinks," said Barry to himself; "but I'm almost sure I heard her say, 'If he's alive he'd send me a telegram to let me know it.' " And Barry added, with an icy shiver running all over him, "Does that mean that father was killed in that fight on the hill?"

"Barry!" shouted Kid a moment later, "where're you goin'? There'll be more extrys out 'fore long. It's only four 'clock!"

"Going home," said Barry, wearily. "I've had enough Fourth o' July."

"So have I," said Kid, in almost a tone of sympathy; "but as long's there's more 'dish'ns comin' I'll stick here and sell 'em."

So said the Shiner, as if they had been news-soldiers, put there as sentries, determined not to desert their post.

The next day was Sunday, and it seemed a remarkably solemn and quiet one everywhere. A long and trying suspense was in great part over, and people felt a kind of slow reaction that told them how excited they had been.

In Mrs. Redding's boarding-house there was something more at work.

"Barry," said Lilian after breakfast, "are we going to church to-day?"

"There!" exclaimed Barry; "that's the first time you've spoken to me for more'n a week. Yes, I guess we are."

"Why, no, it isn't," she said. "I have spoken to you before; I'm sure I have—again and again!"

"Well, I wasn't there, then," said Barry. "What makes your eyes so red? I don't believe they'd have let a boy like Dave——"

"Why, Barry!" exclaimed Lilian; "didn't I tell you? We read it in the paper you brought up last night. The first Southern brigade to reach the crest of the hill, among your batteries, was my Uncle

John's brigade. It was all but destroyed. We're afraid Dave was with him;" and Lilian cried again.

"My father was there, too," groaned Barry.

There was something he thought he had never heard before in the tone with which Mrs. Redding interrupted him to say:

"Lilian, dear, is your mother in her room? I'm coming right up."

"I don't believe it!" again exclaimed Barry. "Dave wasn't there. I'll go to church. Come, Lilian—do come! Best thing we could do! Let's get out of doors!"

It seemed to Barry as if he understood more about a battle the moment he thought of Dave and not of a whole regiment of men in uniform. It made it real; and when he thought of a boy he knew—a boy of his own age and size—being shot, or sabred, or bayoneted in such a fight as the papers told of, something like a picture of it flashed through his mind. Of course it excited him, and it was a good thing that he had somebody to sympathize with.

"I'll come as soon as I can get ready," said Lilian. "I do hope your father isn't hurt, nor my Uncle John—nor——"

"Dave wasn't there!" persisted Barry. "You've just as good a right to believe he wasn't, as to believe he was. Besides, I'm sure he wasn't."

That was precisely the doctrine his mother was trying to preach to Mrs. Randolph, and she was partly successful.

"You do me ever so much good, anyhow," said Mrs. Randolph. "Are Lilian and Barry going to church? I'm glad of it. It's hard enough for both of them."

"It is, indeed!" said Mrs. Redding.

"Just think of it!" continued her friend, very thoughtfully. "Mrs. Redding, what have they, and you and I, to do with this dreadful business?"

When Sunday had gone by, and Monday also, and the business hours arrived of Tuesday, the 7th, there was a remarkable scene—almost unseen—in the parlor-office of a downtown banking-house.

"What is it, Mr. Simpson?"

"That—ah—that—young fellow Randolph——"

"Show him in."

There stood the banker—pale, trembling in every limb, as if under almost overpowering nervous agitation; for Davis did not look at all like a bearer of good tidings. To be sure, his neat blue suit was brushed clean of dust, and there was no fault to be found with his appearance generally or his manners. In one hand he carried, all rolled up, what seemed to be two American flags, on staffs of different styles. The wrapper-flag, at least, had a look of service.

Mr. Vernon stared at it and at Dave, but seemed to

be waiting anxiously for something more. Dave's face grew more and more mournful, as he put down the flags and took out his pocket-book. Out of that he drew a Confederate ten-dollar bill, and, as General Lee had bidden him, he slowly tore it across the middle, both ways, and silently handed all but one of the pieces to Mr. Vernon, one by one.

"‘The battle is lost,’" said the banker, as if reading a message. "‘I shall retreat across the Potomac. No rising of our people in New York.’ No, no, my boy! he didn't say that?" for Dave had crumpled up the last quarter of the bill and had thrown it on the floor.

"It's just what General Lee did," he said. "I have followed him exactly."

"The last hope of the Confederacy has been thrown away!" exclaimed Mr. Vernon. "Have you seen your mother? No—of course not. Go see her, then. Come in from day to day and see me. I feel all broken down. There was more in your message than you knew."

Dave hardly knew that he had himself been crying, but he did not show any tears to Mr. Simpson when he now hurried through the outer office. Nobody there, nor anybody else whom he met after getting out into the street, seemed to have the least idea that he was a messenger from the great battle-field—a bearer of dispatches from the Confederate commander-



Dave delivers General Lee's message to Mr. Vernon.

in-chief. He was nothing but a boy. Somebody had sent him uptown with some old flag or other.

But among them all the flags in New York that day were none like those which Dave was carrying so carefully. He took them into a street-car near the City Hall, and he did not hear a voice that said:

"I saw him! That's Dave! Kid! you and the Shiner sell the rest of my papers! I'm going home. I can catch the next car but one."

"What is it, Barry?" asked Kid eagerly. "Isn't it the same feller?"

"I can't stop to talk," said Barry, as he handed them quite a supply of the latest "extra" newspapers. "I'll know more after I've seen him."

"Guess he wasn't in the battle," said the Shiner; but Barry was gone on a run.

He did not catch the next car, nor the next, however; and the one he did catch seemed to him the slowest, longest-stopping, hottest, meanest street-car he had ever travelled in. It could not even jump the rails and catch up with the third car ahead and bring him home at the same time with Dave. Of course Barry ran after leaving the car; but then Dave himself made very good speed—three cars earlier—at that same place. There was no overtaking. There was a sharp ring at Mrs. Redding's door; and when it opened there was a loud:

"Bress yer soul, honey! dey's a-comin'! Bress de Lord, you's not hurt! Reckon dey'll all bress him!"

Diana Lee's pious thankfulness was genuine, but it was loud. The next outburst was utterly silent. Even Lilian could not say a word that anybody else could understand. It was one moment only of weeping, hugging, laughing; and then:

"You were in the battle, Dave?"

"Yes, Lilian," said Dave, "all through it."

"We know how it went. Your Uncle John——"

"Mother!" exclaimed Dave, "that's what I was afraid you would ask me. I haven't seen him since the third day of the battle. I came up here under orders. That letter is to you." He rapidly told how he had received the first of his letters. He had even handed his roll of flags to Lilian, and was explaining the meaning of it all.

"A flag of honor from General Lee!" she shouted. "Why, it's worth a million dollars! The other flag?"

"Lilian," said Dave, "that's sacred too. See the red spots on the white? That's from the battle-field. I'll tell you——"

"May I have it?" asked the voice of some one behind him. "Hurrah, Dave! I saw you get on the car. Ain't I glad you got back safe! Thank you!" for Dave handed him the Stars and Stripes; but before any more could be said by Barry it was Dave's turn:

"Mrs. Redding, I saw the captain! I've a letter. He's wounded just enough to send him home pretty soon on furlough."

She had already been trying very hard to ask for news, and now that such an answer had been given without asking, all she could do was to tear open the envelope.

"Written the day the battle began," she said, "before his brigade went in. What's this?" and she read aloud. "'The inclosed letter—Confederate general—died lying by me, on the crest of Round-top—third day.' Why, Mrs. Randolph!" continued Mrs. Redding, "my husband must have written that on the outside of your letter and inclosed it in mine! Take it. It's all spotted with blood!" she said with a shiver.

Mrs. Randolph took it and opened it, and seemed to begin reading it in silence, but she came to something that made her read aloud:

"'I shall send this only in case of my approaching death. If you receive it, therefore——'" she paused, and it was Davis who exclaimed:

"I thought so! Uncle John is dead! I saw his brigade go into the fire; and they seemed to melt away."

"Come, children!" said his mother; "come with me!" And very quietly they left the room.

"O Barry!" said Mrs. Redding, "I am so thankful—so thankful about your father! We ought to be glad, too, that Davis wasn't hurt. Their poor uncle! I'm so sorry for them and for him!"

"Isn't Dave a great fellow, though?" said Barry. "Just think! he saw the whole battle! Wasn't it strange, too, that he saw father and talked with him? It's better than any telegram—better'n even a letter!"

CHAPTER XII.

THE DRAFT RISING IN NEW YORK.



ABOUT the end of any long, dark piece of bad and stormy weather there is apt to come a sudden gust and a fierce dash of rain. It is the "clearing-up shower;" and after it is over there is generally a prospect for blue skies and sunshine.

The return of Davis Randolph was marked by a day of household weather that was both gusty and rainy. He was glad to be there, but he had not by any means recovered good spirits. Still, it was a kind of relief to sit and talk about the battle and tell the wonderful story of all that he had seen or heard or knew. He could explain some things that were in the newspapers; and it soon became clear how Captain Redding and General Randolph met as they did. They listened almost breathlessly while he described the battle-field, the village of Gettysburg, the larger and smaller hills and ridges, and the valleys and woods, streams and roads over and among which the two great hosts of brave men had contended for the fate

of a nation. He grew excited as he went on; and so did they. The two flags he had brought with him were a stirring story themselves; and Lilian brought them out while he told about them. Just as Davis was relating his last interview with General Lee, after the failure of Pickett's grand charge, Barry seemed to wake up suddenly, as if he had been dreaming about the battle.

"Why, Dave!" he exclaimed, "what message could General Lee have to send to New York? He isn't coming here?"

Dave had very nearly said too much already; and he replied:

"Well, I did not know what it was exactly, except that I was to carry it. It wasn't anything that could injure your side."

"Nothing he could say to anybody here could hurt us," said Barry. "I'm glad you got away, anyhow. Wish I'd been where you have!"

"Dave is quite a hero," remarked Mrs. Redding. "I am very, very sorry about your Uncle John."

"I'm real sorry about Captain Redding's leg, too," said Dave. "It's pretty hard for him, but the surgeon said positively that he would get well right along."

"I suppose it is almost wicked of me," said Mrs. Redding; "but I'm glad my husband is wounded—

a little—so it will send him home and keep him here.”

“That’s just the way I feel,” said Barry, with energy.

“It does seem to be the best thing for him, and for you too,” said Mrs. Randolph. “He won’t be there if they’re going to fight again.”

So far as that household was concerned, perhaps Dave’s return was something like a clearing-up shower; but the general political weather of the city, if it had improved at all, had “cleared up cloudy.”

It was true that army matters looked promising. The victories in both the East and West were glorious, and they had stirred up all the patriotism and all the hope there was in the country; but the army under General Lee fell back slowly and stubbornly after Gettysburg. It was only too evident that the war was by no means over. Therefore, it was speedily understood that the draft would be enforced without mercy, and that the government would take all the men it wanted, without reference to anything but the filling up of the army. That is, the citizens of a free republic were to be treated, in order to save the life of that republic, just as if they had been so many Germans, or Frenchmen, or Russians, or citizens of the Southern Confederacy; for all of those people were already accustomed at home to a more severe

conscription, or draft, than our own government proposed.

It was a great weight pressing down upon everybody all over the country. Nowhere else was its pressure more severely felt than in the city itself, from which the war office at Washington asked for over twenty-five thousand men. There were two hundred thousand on the city draft lists, but so many of these were unfit for soldiers that about every fifth man fit for duty would have to go. Mr. Palovski and his friends made it look much worse; for they said that all men rich enough to pay three hundred dollars, or to hire a substitute, would be let off, with all the doctors and ministers, and a great many other exempt men; so that the load would be borne by poor fellows like himself, who were not in favor of the Lincoln government at all.

Barry heard him, and so did Dave, several times during that heavy, gloomy week before the draft; but they heard another way of looking at it, too. They heard a returned volunteer say to Palovski:

"Five hundred men in my regiment died for their country, first and last. Every man gave his life—gave it—do you understand?—gave it! Fellows like you are not willing to give a drop of your blood or a cent of your money. You know you can have your exemption money paid for you. What you want is

to have other men die in your place, or pay in your place, and let you out. You are not fit to have a country—not this country!”

“We are opposed to the gofferment,” replied Palovski. “We are opposed to the war. It is not our war.”

“Then you ought all to be shot, anyhow,” responded the veteran. “No man has any business in America that is an enemy of America. I wish you could all be drafted and stationed out where Stuart’s cavalry were just going to charge, or in front of one of Longstreet’s batteries.”

He shook his fist and walked away, but the boys felt better.

“Fellows like Palovski can make anything sound right,” said Dave; “but if any man down South talked against our government as he does against yours we’d shut him up. He’s a traitor, and ought to be shot.”

“Well,” said Barry, “it’s rough to hear him go on; but there isn’t any war here in the city. We couldn’t shoot him.”

“We would,” said Dave. “Besides, isn’t there war here? Didn’t Palovski say there was going to be?”

“They won’t dare to really do anything,” said Barry; “but I tell you what! I won’t sell papers tomorrow morning. It’s the first day of the draft. Let’s go and see it done!”

Dave was ready enough; for that was Friday evening, and all the papers had been full of accounts of the preparations made for what Palovski called "the blood lottery," when he grew very fierce.

"How I wish I could go and see how it's done!" remarked Lilian, thoughtfully. "It seems dreadful to have any mere chance about it!"

"But they've got to go," said Dave. "How will the losses at Gettysburg and all the other battles be made up, if President Lincoln doesn't enforce the Draft Act?"

"Why, Dave," said Barry, "that sounds as if you were on our side!"

"No, I'm not!" exclaimed Davis; "but then war is war, and if they won't go they've got to be made to go."

"That's so," said Barry. "Somebody's got to take my father's place for a while."

Saturday morning came. It was just one week since Vicksburg surrendered. Just one week since the army under General Lee recoiled from before the Federal batteries at Gettysburg. Not one of the regiments of city militia which had gone into that campaign had yet returned. All the morning newspapers had something to say about the draft, of course; but they all said that everything was and would be peaceful. So said the city authorities.

When Barry and Davis went over to Third Avenue, to the draft-office where the first drawing of men was to be done, it seemed to them that the appearance of things there was as peaceful as could have been expected. Up and down the avenue, and in the cross-streets near the office-buildings, there were, of course, crowds of men and some women. They were, for the greater part, poorly dressed, and they wore anxious faces; but they did not seem to be at all excited.

"Come on, Dave," said Barry. "We must manage to get a look at the draft lottery-wheel. I want to see how it's done."

"So do I," replied Dave. "Go ahead."

There were policemen on duty, but no one prevented them from going into the draft-office. There it was almost too quiet, considering how important was the work the very business-like officials were doing. The fact was that everybody in that room was listening so closely to know what names were drawn that people almost went about on tiptoe.

"How many are drawn now, Tom?" asked a low, harsh whisper; but the boys heard it.

"Only about three hundred," replied much such another whisper. "Let them finish the day. The men don't feel it yet. Not enough. They won't until after they're drawn."

"Och hone! Pat Ryan, you're dhrafted! An'

what'll I do wid six children?" broke the silence dolefully at that moment, as Pat's name was called out at the wheel.

"Kathleen," came back as dolefully, "it's meself don't know. I'm just the mon for a volunteer, though, and I've no three hundred to buy off wid."

"Oh, the children!" cried Mrs. Ryan, as she and Pat moved slowly toward the door.

"Howld still, till I know me luck," replied a stalwart young fellow close by them. "If I'm not drawn, I'll go in Pat's place."

"All the saints bless the thrue, brave heart of ye, Dinnis Mulligan," began Mrs. Ryan, in a voice that was rich with gratitude, but at that very moment the remorseless guardian of the draft lottery-wheel called out "Dennis Mulligan!"

A sort of suppressed growl of dissatisfaction, if not of anger, seemed to roll around the crowd, which nearly filled the office.

"O Dennis!" exclaimed Mrs. Ryan. "You're dhrawn! Now what'll ye do? And what'll your mother do? Pat'll make a mighty good volunteer, though, and so will yersilf."

"'Dade, an' we'll do our duty," said Pat. "It's not for the likes of us to show the white feather. Come along, Kathleen. Mebbe I can get out of it yet, but I'm no deserter."

"All right, boys," said a heavy, well-dressed man near the wheel, "I'll see that Pat's exemption is paid for him if Dennis goes."

The growl changed its tone somewhat, but a dozen expressions of it were only good-will toward the big man—not toward the draft.

"Barry," whispered Dave, "come along. We've seen it all. Those two will make good soldiers, though."

"And so that's all there is of the draft," remarked Barry, when they were outside again. "Well, it's quiet enough. I don't believe there'll be any fuss."

"Maybe it will stay quiet and maybe it won't," said Dave, looking at the discontented faces of the crowd. "Some of those fellows look awful ugly."

Barry rode downtown, thinking a great deal about the draft. It seemed right, but it seemed pretty hard. Dave rode homeward after leaving Barry, and he, too, was thinking; for, as he got out of his street-car, he remarked:

"I guess there won't be any rising. If there is, General Lee hasn't anything to do with it. None of our friends here will have anything to do with it."

That might be true of such clear-headed friends of the South as was Mr. Mapleson, but a professed friend was even then doing an imprudent kind of thing. A man with a wolfish-looking face was pointing at the

house in which Mrs. Redding lived, and was saying to another man who walked at his side:

“Hunker, didn’t you tell me there were colored people in that house of yours, and a lot of abolitionists?”

“Worst kind!” replied Mr. Hunker. “I’ve tried to get ’em aout——”

“That’s the place,” said his companion. “One big black woman, our fellows say, and one black boy. Are there any more?”

“I don’t know,” replied Mr. Hunker. “I don’t care, neither. I was going to have them put aout if—well, you know haow. You see, I let it to that Redding woman too low——”

The only reply was an exclamation that sounded almost like a bark, for they were about to separate on the corner.

Mr. Hunker went one way grumbling:

“I daon’t see haow I’m to do it, the way things is turning. It’s throwin’ away money to let her keep that haouse.”

The other man went his own way, but he was grumbling more savagely:

“Landlord? Owns that house and a lot of other houses? Every landlord in the city ought to be hung to a lamp-post. Every nigger, too. We’ll get things

level after a while," and his teeth came together as if he were snapping at something.

Again Mr. Hunker, on the other street, remarked with an injured air:

"Abaout the first time I was ever turned aout of a haouse that belonged to me. I'll get even with Mrs. Redding yet. I daon't care nothin' much 'baout black fellows. 'Tisn't my business if Captain Redding got waounded. He hadn't ort to ha' been there. No, I daon't reckon they'd have the impidence to draft me. I daon't belong to the lower classes, nohaow."

That was not the only remark he made as he walked along to indicate his notions that a part of the human race was fit to be drafted, to be made soldiers of, or to be worked up in any way, like wood or stone, while another and higher part of the race, owning houses and money, like himself, for instance, was much too precious to be wasted in any such manner.

One difficulty about that Saturday was that it was so intensely excited that it seemed positively dull. Even the boys did not seem to care to talk, but after Barry got home at night, he said:

"Mother, Kid and I and the Shiner made about the poorest day yet. Nobody seems to care what the news is."

"I don't either," said Mrs. Redding; "but I've another telegram from your father. He will be out of bed in two weeks."

"Hurrah!" shouted Barry, but his mother's face still wore an anxious look.

"Oh, dear!" she said. "If he only hadn't to go back! He will come home and get well, but he's to be promoted lieutenant-colonel, or colonel, or something, and as soon as he gets well he'll think it's his duty. I wish he would come home for good."

"Isn't that splendid!" exclaimed Lilian, thinking only of the promotion, and Barry felt that his sympathies, including his pride as a young soldier, were with her rather than with his mother. He did not say so, and his next remark was:

"Mother, if there is going to be any trouble about the draft, I'm glad we bought those pistols."

"To-morrow will be Sunday, anyhow," she said, and they were all glad that it was Saturday evening, with one draft-day ended.

Hardly any of the sober-minded, church-going people of New York knew how much was done about the draft on Sunday, the twelfth of July, for almost all of it was secret work, behind closed doors. Darkness came on slowly after the late mid-summer sunset, and as it came the alarm-bells rang for a fire. The signal was promptly responded to by fire companies,

with their engines and their hose and hook-and-ladder carts. They gathered with a great rattle to put out the fire; but so did throngs of men and boys, who seemed to have come only to make disturbances.

About thirty minutes after the first, a second alarm sounded, and people said: "Fires are apt to be frequent in such hot weather as this is." But windows were thrown up hurriedly and faces looked out anxiously. It was "Fire! Fire! Fire!" again and again.

Nobody doubted but what the fire companies would do their duty as usual. So they did; but there was yet another and another fire that night, and all were pretty large blazes. Barry and Dave went out to look at them, and came home talking about the crowds of remarkably ugly-looking fellows they had seen. Other observers reported the same thing, and respectable people generally went to bed that night full of feverish apprehensions about the next day and the draft.

The dawn of Monday found several smoking heaps of ashes and ruins, but among the people themselves it might have discovered signs of quite another kind of fire that seemed about ready to kindle.

There were to be a number of draft lotteries in offices in the several districts of the city. All were expected to begin work at the same hour, and around

each of them a crowd collected, long before the time appointed.

"Hullo, Palovski!" said Barry as they met in front of the barber-shop. "Did you have any luck on Saturday?"

"I was draft!" shouted Palovski furiously. "But I will not go! The time for the people to strike the goffernment is come! You will see!"

"Come on, Barry," exclaimed Dave. "Let's go to the Third Avenue draft-office. He and his friends are going to do something."

"Come on!" said Barry, and their excitement grew fast as they ran toward the office they had looked into on Saturday. When they drew near it, they saw at once that there was a changed state of things. The crowd was much larger, denser; there were few women to be seen, while the draft-office seemed to be filled with stalwart policemen.

"I heard somebody say there were sixty of them," said Barry. "That's enough, I guess."

"Only sixty?" exclaimed Dave. "All cooped up in there? Get back, Barry! Back! Out of the way! See! There's a charge coming!"

A charge? It was very much like a storming-party pouring into a captured fort. It was led by determined men, and just behind them were the well-trained, strong-armed members of a "volunteer fire

company" of the roughest kind. Behind them surged all the hundreds of angry fellows who had gathered in the avenue.

Barry and Dave had escaped being caught in that rush of shouting, yelling, desperate rioters. From where they stood they could not see into the draft-office, but they saw the "storming-party" crush their way in, and knew that the sixty policemen had been swept like chaff by force of numbers.

"Barry!" suddenly exclaimed Dave. "Look down the avenue! Bayonets!"

"Invalid Corps," said Barry. "The papers said they would be here. What? Dave! The mob is stoning them!"

The Invalid Corps did not exactly deserve its name, and yet it did. A soldier of the old-time volunteers who had lost one eye in battle might see well enough with the other. If he had lost his left arm, his right might still be strong. He might be unfitted for severe marches and field service, and yet be very well able to mount guard in one of the forts of the North, or at a hospital, or a prison-camp. Besides, there was a kind of justice in letting him serve out his term of enlistment, drawing his regular pay and rations instead of a pension. It supported him while it permitted vigorous men to go to the armies in the field while the Invalid Corps did the "guard duty."

So, no fighting being expected, a regiment of about five hundred of these brave fellows, camped upon Governor's Island, had been ordered over to the city to serve in small detachments as a sort of parade-guard at the several places where the draft was to go on. They could, indeed, have been of real service if posted inside of a building; but they had no idea of being attacked in the open street while on their march.

Soldiers they were, however; and in the eyes of the excited mob, they personally represented the war, the government, and the draft itself. The detachment sent to duty at the Third Avenue office consisted of one company only, and it had nearly reached its destination when it suddenly found its farther advance blocked by a yelling throng that quickly surged all around it and hemmed it in.

It was at this moment that the first attention of Dave and Barry was attracted.

"Hear that volley?" exclaimed Dave.

The brave fellows had indeed fired, not into the mob, but over their heads; and the next shower of stones that poured upon them was accompanied by shouts of derision, for the firing without hitting anybody had been a mistaken mercy.

"There's hardly anything of them," replied Barry.
"They're going down! The mob has got them!"

"Too bad!" almost yelled Dave. "They'll all be murdered! See that one? What a shame!"

Swept, scattered, knocked down, and now unarmed, the helpless soldier-boys were pursued pitilessly in all directions; but the one whom Dave pointed out was faring horribly. He had run well, and had climbed a ledge of rocks that were being blasted away to make room for new buildings. He was overtaken on the summit, and even the mob held its breath for a moment.

"They've thrown him over!" gasped Dave.

That was not all, for as he lay, dead or living, at the foot of the ledge, he was buried almost out of sight by the stones which followed him.

"Some of those fellows are looking at us, Dave," said Barry. "Let's run! They'll be pounding us next."

"We're both in blue," said Dave. "We'd be safer if we were ragged."

"Cut it!" exclaimed Barry; and off they ran, each hardly noticing how pale and horrified the other looked.

Behind them, on the avenue, there was a kind of confused storm. It seemed to be composed of yells, shrieks, groans, the crash of glass and of window-sashes, the rattle of pistol-shots, and the loud tones of somebody or other in a sort of command. In fact, the air in all directions seemed to be full of evil sounds

as the two boys made their escape up the cross-street. Of course, they could not help pausing to look back.

"Smoke!" exclaimed Davis. "I declare! Have those fellows set the draft-office on fire?"

"Yes, they have," said Barry. "I heard them say they were going to. They said they'd burn the whole block."

"Yes," said Dave, "they said they'd burn every block in the city that had a draft-office in it."

"Look!" exclaimed Barry. "Don't you see? They are plundering the houses. Oh! isn't that awful? That black boy! Only a boy, and they're stoning him to death!"

"Just as they did that soldier!" groaned Dave. "I say, Barry, this isn't war!"

"Isn't it?" said Barry. "I should say it was. It's got here. Let's run again. There they come!"

"We'd better!" and Dave started, but he added, "No it isn't real war. It's a riot. All it wants is soldiers to put it down."

"Invalid Corps men won't do," said Barry as they ran. "They've been all used up in battles. They couldn't any of them run like this, not to save their lives."

"Your soldiers'll come, though," replied Dave, "and there'll be lots of shooting done before this is over."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BATTLE OF NEW YORK.

 HE buildings of the block where the draft-office was had all been residences of people of moderate means, none of whom belonged to what Mr. Palovski called the "goffernment." Every house was plundered and then set on fire so fast that some of the people hardly had time to escape.

The boys ran well for so hot a day, until they felt safe. Then they walked along in silence for a few minutes, feeling as if what they had seen could not be real, it was so horrible.

"Don't I wish I could fight!" suddenly exclaimed Barry; but at that moment they both saw something which made them spring forward.

"Stop!" shouted Barry. "Don't you hit him again! Dave, get a club!"

That was what he himself was doing, for he was pulling a side-stick out of a dray that stood by the curbstone, and Dave pulled out another. It was a wild, reckless thing to do; but the boys were in the hottest kind of excitement. What were two such

fellows as they against such a knot of tipsy ruffians as had knocked down that colored man and were kicking and beating him?

Yes, but a hickory cart-stick is a tremendous club to swing, and "rap" went Barry's against the head of the first ruffian he could reach. He had never before struck a man, and he felt a thrill of astonishment as he saw this one reel and fall. It was more than a surprise, too, for it seemed to double his strength and his striking power.

Down went another man before Davis, and Barry's next hit was on the elbow of a boy larger than himself, who at once began to rub and howl and run, shouting, "P'lice!"

There were two more, apparently grown men, but to the surprise of Dave and Barry they ran at once, without waiting to be hit.

"Cowards!" exclaimed Barry.

"I'd like to have hit them, too," said Dave, but the colored man was getting up and so were the two knocked-down rioters.

"Jump! Run!" shouted Barry to the colored man. "Run to your house. Run and hide!"

"Bress de Lord!" responded the poor victim, and his legs had not been hurt, for he ran very well.

"It's our turn to run now," said Dave. "There's more coming!"

"Run it!" said Barry, and they went, but they were followed only by a storm of abuse from the two ruffians they had clubbed.

It was just as Barry said. That gang of brutal fellows were cowards, and they had been scattered by two mere boys, with right on their side.

The two rescuers were not in any further danger, but all over the city gangs of seemingly half-crazy men and boys were dashing hither and thither. Most of them appeared to have no especial aim or errand, but to be on a general hunt after any kind of mischief that might turn up.

It was a strange time. Gusts of wind arose and sent clouds of dust along the streets and avenues, as if the very air were getting excited. Women came to doors and windows and peered out and dodged in again, as if in fear of being hit. Gangs of laborers everywhere threw down their tools and marched away from their jobs, but those were not the men who seemed inclined to hurt anybody. If they did not quit work of their own accord, the mob forced them to do so. Squads of scowling ruffians halted street-cars and ordered their conductors to run no more, on pain of being beaten to death. Helpless colored people were suddenly set upon by merciless foes, who seemed to have risen from the earth. Soldiers found their uniforms marking them out for violence—that is, if

there were not too many more of their comrades within helping distance. Policemen out on patrol duty were compelled to fight their way back to the station-houses and leave most of the streets unguarded.

The whole thing was a great surprise, but it did not come from the Confederate Government. General Lee had not ordered any rising in New York nor any opposition to the draft. Mr. Mapleson and his friends had not done it. The drafted men themselves, with a few exceptions, had nothing to do with the riot.

What, then, had risen? Who was doing all this robbery and burning and murder?

Barry and Dave were just now too excited, and so was everybody else, to ask such a question; but it is one of those questions that asks itself, and ought to be answered.

The great city had two things in it all the while. One was and is what is sometimes called society, and it is made up of all people who earn an honest living, willingly, and try to obey the laws. Down under this there is something else which is neither American, Irish, German, nor of any sort that can easily be described, except that it was mostly brought here from Europe. It crowds our jails all the while, and costs us a great deal. In 1863 there were over forty thousand men within ten miles of the City Hall, each of whom had been convicted of crime in this country,

besides those who may have been in jail before they came over, but kept out of it here. All these and all others of the same sort were just the men to do what was doing. They were not patriots, and they were not good material to make soldiers of, but through week after week they had been stirred up and excited by the draft. They had been secretly told of a probable "revolution," as some of them called it. So they had been getting ready for mischief, and now there was a kind of explosion of all the evil in them. If it had not been thus, it would not have exploded at all; but it seemed to kindle and go off as if it caught fire from the air. Besides this, it may be considered that all great masses of men are liable to sudden, wild-fire excitements. So panics will take hold of armies, as of the French at Waterloo or Americans at Bull Run; for the best of timber will burn like the worst if it is dry enough and if the fire to burn it is kindled under a strong draft. But there was not much good timber in the mob that rose in 1863.

Barry and Dave had obeyed their angry impulse bravely enough, but their only idea was to get home. They carried their cart-stakes with them, however, without telling each other why. It seemed the right thing for any fellow out of doors to have a tip-top club.

Nobody interfered with them on the way, and when

they reached the house they found some anxious people in the parlor, waiting to hear all they had to say of where they had been and what they had seen. It was a tremendous story to tell, and all the anxiety seemed to turn into excitement and exclamations while they told it. It took a long time to get as far as to the fight on their way home; but when they came to that and the cart-stakes, Mrs. Redding turned very pale and spoke as if she were out of breath:

“Barry! Tell me! Did he get away?”

“Yes, he did, mother,” said Barry; and he went right along with his story while Mrs. Randolph scarcely took her eyes from Davis’ face. There was a sort of fiercely-exulting look of horror and delight in Lilian’s eyes, and there were a number of suppressed remarks made by some women-boarders who had stayed at home.

“Then we ran,” said Barry at last, and his mother exclaimed:

“I’m so glad you saved him!”

“The brave fellows——” began Mrs. Randolph, but Lilian interrupted her:

“Mother and Dave and Barry are both on the same side this time!”

“We didn’t have any time to think,” said Barry, “but it was kind of awful to knock a man down with a club.”

"Dave," said Lilian, "how did you feel?"

"Didn't feel at all," said Dave. "I was too mad about it. Say, Barry, how those two loafers did run!"

"Diana Lee must keep in-doors," was Mrs. Redding's next remark, and Mrs. Randolph added:

"That's what we must all do." But Diana herself had been listening, with wide-open eyes and with a kind of laugh breaking out every now and then, as she twisted her hard, black hands.

"Reckon I knows 'nough for that," she said. "Sho! Dem boys! Dey wasn't hurt a mite. Don't I wish dey'd killed 'em all? Wish de sojers was heah."

So everybody else was wishing, except the fast-increasing mob. This, indeed, was now driving before it even large parties of the outnumbered police, and was all the while getting crazier. What was worse, too, it was getting bolder with a sense of a sort of victory and by finding out that it had so much unexpected power.

One of its first operations was to cut down telegraph poles and sever wires, so that one part of the city could not find out what was going on in another. The people who were shut up in their houses could know very little. They could only sit still and guess and talk and imagine. Even in later years it has not been easy to convince sober folk of the exact truth concerning the days and nights of the great battle in New York between crime and the law.

So much uncertainty was a hard thing to bear, and it was not a great while before the entire household at Mrs. Redding's began to feel thirsty for news. It was a fever of doubt and curiosity, and it grew hotter as they talked and waited. They could not hear anything or see anything from the windows, and at last Barry shouted:

"Come on, Dave! They won't hurt newsboys. You and I can rig up as ragged as the Shiner."

"That's what I'll do!" said Dave. "But I'll have to put some dirt on my face and hands."

"Oh, boys!" exclaimed Mrs. Randolph, "you won't do any such thing!"

"Well," said Mrs. Redding doubtfully, "I almost believe they'd be safe. Just as safe as Davis was when he came through our army."

"It wouldn't do for him to wear charcoal this time, though," said Barry; "but Kid or the Shiner could go anywhere."

"So can you and I," said Dave. "We'll really sell papers, too. Make some money. Let's hurry. What fun!"

"Oh, how I wish I were a boy!" excitedly exclaimed Lilian. "They have all the fun there is! I think it's too bad!" but the two mothers talked caution all the while they were letting the boys go.

By the time Barry and Dave were satisfied with

what they called their new uniforms, Diana was justified in saying:

“Dey looks wuss dan two spring woodchucks.”

“Ragamuffins!” added Lilian. “They both look as if they belonged to the mob!”

That might be, but the young adventurers dashed out of the house in apparently high spirits.

The mob had its idea about dress beyond a doubt, as well as about complexion.

Mr. Hunker, walking along one of the avenues, paused for a moment to see a lot of vicious-looking fellows stop an empty street-car and send its driver away with the horses. Of course there could be no danger to so white or red-faced a man as himself, opposed to the draft and to the war, and he loudly exclaimed:

“That’s right, boys. Go ahead. I’m on your side.”

That might be so. Nobody disputed him. Nevertheless, in a few seconds he was not on any side at all, but upon his back, surrounded by fierce faces and chattering tongues, not answering him in English, however earnestly he professed to be their friend.

Off came his elegant suit of clothing, hat, boots, watch, pin, necktie, seal-ring, and cuff-buttons. He was not beaten much, but whatever there had been in his pockets was divided among his friends before he was left behind to get up and get away.

A pair of ragged and dirty-looking boys on the sidewalk saw the whole proceeding, and one of them remarked:

"Keep still, Dave. That's old Hunker. They won't kill him. Serve him right. He's down on the war and the draft."

"He's about scared to death," said Dave. "Didn't they do it quick, though? But we mustn't let on who we are—not even to him!"

"Come along," replied Barry. "Now all the car-lines are choked off, we've got to foot it downtown."

Poor Mr. Hunker! He had indeed been finished quickly, and now he was footing it in his stocking-feet, and in a dreadfully astonished state of mind.

"Who'd ha' thought it?" he mournfully inquired aloud. "What's become of all the police? Where are all the soldiers gone to? Think of a man like me bein' robbed such a way as this! What'd Mapleson say if he knaowed how they was goin' on?"

"He'd say one of his friends had been unwise," remarked a steady-toned voice near him. "I saw you. What a fool you were to come out with a diamond pin on!"

"Is that you, Mr. Mapleson? Why, you look more like a hod-carrier——"

"All the hod-carriers are perfectly safe," replied the clear-headed politician coolly. "I know all that

crowd like a book. I came out to see how matters looked, though, and I'm going home. You'd better, quick as you can."

"I'm a-goin' to," groaned Mr. Hunker. "I guess the mob has riz."

"It'll go down again," said Mr. Mapleson. "It may burn half the city first, but there won't be so much mob left after it's over. Go home. You are in a light, comfortable, hot-weather rig."

So he was; but Hunker was too scared to be angry at having fun poked at him, and all the way as he went he had to submit to it. Even badly-scared people seemed to get into better spirits when they met him.

Dave and Barry kept away from crowds all the way downtown. They saw more than one which was evidently skirmishing with a police force.

"They don't seem to be shooting," said Barry. "'Tisn't like real war——" But just then Dave exclaimed:

"Hark! Hear that away off yonder? That's a rifle volley somewhere. It's soldiers, too! Regular volley——"

"Soldiers firing all together?" said Barry. "Mob shooting would be scattering?"

It was not done by the mob, indeed; for the first volleys in defence of law and order were fired at a

mob on the eastern side of the city by a small detachment of marines from the Navy Yard.

On went the boys in their daring search for news, and they were very much safer after they reached City Hall Square and obtained supplies of newspapers. It was not so easy to find customers, however, for one of their first discoveries was that all business was suspended. Their next was that the first efforts of the police, and of the citizens who were now rapidly volunteering, were for the protection of the lower part of the city.

"Tell you what," remarked the Shiner, just after they met him, "Wall Street's going to be the safest place there is."

"'Cause the money's there," said Barry. "They won't let the mob get that."

"Guess it won't be safer'n Newspaper Row," replied Kid after a long hoot. "What'd folks do without their extrys?"

That was, nevertheless, what the city was to be compelled to do for the greater part of its area during nearly a week.

"Let's go on down," said Barry. "They haven't touched the big gun-stores on Maiden Lane yet. They're all shut up. Glad I got my pistols in time."

Something like scared-to-death business was still doing in the money region between Trinity Church

and the East River Ferry, but the big brick and stone buildings that held the banks were beginning to wear a shut-up, fort-like look. So did the Stock Exchange. The steps of the Sub-Treasury Building were occupied by armed men for its defence, and so were those of the custom-house, and at the top of these a short, wide-mouthed mountain howitzer stared down.

"It's full of grape," said a man who looked up at it. "Wouldn't it sweep!"

"You bet it would!" exclaimed the Shiner. "It's got a mouth wider'n Kid's."

"These buildings'd all be good forts," remarked Dave, with something of the air of a veteran soldier who knew about war, "except against cannon."

"Cannons would knock 'em," said Kid, "but this muss is goin' to knock spots out o' the news business."

"Hurrah!" suddenly shouted Dave. "There go the Stars and Stripes!"

"Hurrah!" joined in the other boys, and a chorus of cheers rang out all the way up Wall Street, for a full company of regular-army soldiers went swinging by.

"They're from one of the forts," said Barry, glad to know something about the army. "General Brown sent them. He's a brick!"

The excitement was tremendous everywhere. Men went hurrying this way, that way. Crowds gathered

and dispersed. The fire-alarm bells rang out afresh every now and then, for there was a fresh conflagration kindled during every hour of that day and of its following night. Twenty-four fires without counting false alarms!

The boys got tired of trying to sell news or find it in that region, and before long they were eagerly exploring the avenues leading uptown. It was all more like a terrible dream than a reality, but they were in no great danger. That mob had not risen against ragged newsboys, unless it should suspect them of having money in their pockets.

Barry and Dave had been a source of constantly increasing anxiety to their friends at home, ever since they left it. Lilian was at one of the parlor-windows every five minutes. Even Diana expressed very freely her disapproval of the rash curiosity which had allowed them to venture out.

"Sho!" she said. "De boys! W'at do I care foh de mob? Dey might be killed. Glad dey's w'ite. W'at was dah mothers thinkin' of? Sho!"

Their mothers were thinking very repentently. Every soul in the house, including men-boarders who had given up business and were returning early, united in condemning such rashness. There were only four of the latter now, for several others had but just departed upon their usual summer vacations.

This had been one cause of the thinness of Mrs. Redding's cash returns and of Mr. Hunker's hope that she would fail to pay her rent. Now, however, there were sudden signs of preparations for other excursions, and long before supper-time four hand-portmanteaus were packed, and Mrs. Redding's upper rooms were vacant.

There were whispers, also, among the women, and several times the appearance of Diana upstairs or in the parlors had been a signal for nods and glances that seemed full of foreboding.

Part of what it meant was caught and answered by Mrs. Redding.

"That's so," she remarked to Mrs. Randolph; "all colored people are in danger. I'll do the marketing myself. I'll buy all we need, so I won't have to go out again right away."

Lilian and her mother seemed inclined to take a curious view of the matter between themselves.

"Davis says he is certain the Confederate Government has nothing to do with this," said Mrs. Randolph in her own room; "but he is only a boy. He may not know."

"What? Mother," exclaimed Lilian, "I thought of that! But the South hasn't anything to do with this. I wish General Lee was here. He'd stop it!"

She was neither a general nor a statesman, and

there were many things of war and peace which a mere girl could not be expected to understand. The best and wisest and bravest men in the city did not understand that mob. Even the police and the military officers gave up guessing at its kind and strength, and merely went on fighting it.

Davis and Barry saw them at work in more than one place, but were quite willing to look on at a distance, for it was just as Dave said:

"There ought to be ten times as many police, and then they'd have a fight of it."

That was while the squad of newsboys were pouring down a street that led into Second Avenue, and they could see that the avenue was packed with a yelling, shouting throng of rioters. There was a kind of fascination in it, and the boys went nearer.

"See!" said Barry. "Now I know what they're after. That big corner building's got an armory in the upper story. Lots of guns and ammunition."

"They're after the guns," said the Shiner. "The upper floor is packed with 'em like a sardine-box."

It looked so, for fierce-looking faces were showing at all its windows and shouting to the crowd in the street.

"The lower stories are swarmin', too," said Kid; and then he gave a great hoot and added: "There go the cops!"

It was, indeed, a strong force of policemen charging up the avenue and driving the furious rioters before it, in an effort to prevent them from getting the arms which would make them more dangerous.

"It's hard fighting," said Dave, "but it isn't up to the fighting on the hill at Gettysburg. Hullo! what's that?"

What was it? A puff of smoke pouring through a window in the Armory Building? And what did it mean?

Something horrible!

The rioters in the lower stories of that huge building had been warned that the police were defeating their friends in the street, and that it was time for them to get out and get away. Wild with wrath and excitement, they set the building on fire in every place at once as they swarmed out of it. It had been a piano factory, and it contained quantities of light, dry wood, shavings, work-benches half-soaked with oil, cans of oil, of varnish, of alcohol. The fires which were kindled spread almost as if they had been lighted in gunpowder. The upper stairways were so many flues of roaring flame before any warning could be given to the men in the upper story. It seemed only a moment before the whole building under them was a vast furnace. The dry, pine floor they stood on melted and crackled away with terrible rapidity.

Then there came a tremendous crash, mingled with a great, despairing cry, echoed by the throng in the street and followed by a full minute of silence, through which nothing could be heard but the savage roar of the flames.

“Dave,” whispered Barry, “let’s go home!”

“They were all burned alive!” whispered back Dave; and with pale faces and beating hearts the two boys hurried away.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE RED FLAG.



HAT a dreadful time this is!" said Lilian, after supper, as they all sat in the parlor talking about it. "It's like a nightmare. I hate to go to bed."

"That's just the way I feel," said Mrs. Randolph. "I can't forget about those men in the burning armory."

"Oh! to think of such things happening right here in the city of New York!" exclaimed Mrs. Redding.

"It almost seems as if it wasn't so at all," slowly remarked Lilian.

All over the city there was a great deal of that kind of feeling—a nightmare feeling—but there was no such thing possible as waking up and getting rid of it. The alarm-bells rang on. The fires burned almost unchecked. The firemen tried to work, but were driven away by the mob. Stores and houses were pillaged. Men and women who ventured on the streets were robbed and beaten. Colored people were terribly maltreated, and some of them were killed.

Yet all night long the forces of law and order were gathering and organizing. Special police were sworn in. Soldiers and marines and sailors landed from the forts and war-ships. Veterans of the army came together, and began to "fall in" as volunteers for the defence of the city.

All night long, too, the strange fever of wickedness spread faster and faster among the ex-convicts and the as yet unconvicted criminals. So all the evil forces were also, in a manner, enlisting. They were not volunteering to oppose the draft, but to attack anything and everything that might come in their crazy way; for this was a kind of war in which the volunteers on both sides went to their own places naturally.

Tuesday night was very short, but it was seemingly one of the longest nights the people of New York had ever passed.

In Mrs. Redding's boarding-house, all who were left were ready for breakfast at seven o'clock in the morning, and even then Diana remarked:

"Sho! I was beginnin' to think dey wouldn't ebber come downstairs. Dis ain't no time foh folks to lie abed."

"I hope the boys won't go out again to-day," said Lilian. "Don't let them, Mrs. Redding."

"Indeed, they must not," replied Mrs. Redding;

and Mrs. Randolph fully agreed with her, but somehow or other they did get out after a while.

They obtained a great deal of news, too, before they reached home again. Part of it was in a morning paper, and a much larger part was made up of what they had seen and heard.

"Barry!" almost shouted his mother, "you don't mean to tell me they burned the colored-orphan asylum?"

"Yes, they did," said Barry, "and they burned lots of other houses where there were colored people."

"What a wicked shame!" exclaimed Lilian. "What had those poor little black children to do with the draft?"

"Nothing," said Barry. "I saw a good many of those fellows that did it afterward. Looked like devils!"

"What this city wants is soldiers!" said Mrs. Randolph vehemently. "I wish the Army of the Potomac were here."

"Or our army," said Lilian.

"Either of them would stop this," said Mrs. Randolph. "Why don't the police fight? What do they mean?"

"Fight!" said Dave. "Why, you never saw better fighting. You ought to have seen them fight on Broadway yesterday. And over on Second Avenue

before those men were burned. They just swept things. But the mob's too big for them."

There was a great deal of watching from windows that evening when it came, but nearly all of the front doors were kept shut and bolted. Besides, everybody who shoved a bolt looked at it and wished that it had been of a larger size.

"They won't come here," said Davis to Barry. "They can't pick out this house among so many."

"We'll fight if they come," replied Barry sturdily, but at that very moment his mother was saying:

"What shall we do, Mrs. Randolph? Four of Diana's friends have come. Colored women; they are all hiding with her in the kitchen. Hear that?"

"Why, they are singing!" said Mrs. Randolph. "I suppose she has told them they would be safe here."

"Poor things!" said Mrs. Redding. "I don't wonder they are half scared to death. I declare, they are holding a prayer-meeting!"

"Well," said Mrs. Randolph, as she listened to the very full chorus of the hymn, "I'm glad they came. Hark! That's Diana Lee, now, praying," she said, and Barry added:

"Dave, can't you hear Dinah?"

"Of course I can," said Davis; "but praying people get killed sometimes, just like anybody else."

"I'll feel better," said Barry, "if she doesn't pray too loud, and let the mob know she is here."

"If that isn't Lilian!" suddenly exclaimed Davis. "She is down there with them. Come on!"

They hardly knew why they went, but in another moment they were looking at something that made them keep very still, as if for fear they might interrupt it by being found out.

There were more colored women in Mrs. Redding's kitchen than she was aware of, and there was one man whose face looked all the blacker because his hair was white. All that the boys really saw, however, before they turned and dodged upstairs again, was Lilian Randolph standing between that old black man and Diana Lee, and singing with all her might, while half the other voices in the room seemed to be vociferating "Bress de Lord!"

"Let's get out!" said Dave in a whisper.

"Quick!" said Barry. "But didn't she look pretty! I'm glad, though, that we've got those pistols. They're just the thing."

Perhaps they were, but Barry was a very young soldier and did not know much about war. He and Dave reached the parlor-windows again just in time to hear a tremendous hoot from an anxious voice on the sidewalk.

"Hullo, Kid!" responded Barry.

"Is that you?" said Kid, a little huskily. "Well, the mob didn't leave splithereens of the *Tribune* office, but 'f you want to sell extrys to-morrow, there'll be some out. There's loads o' news."

"I'm coming down——" began Barry, but he was interrupted by the voice of the Shiner:

"Guess you'd better come early in the mornin'. They're goin' to mob the City Hall. You wouldn't miss seein' that for anything. There's goin' to be sojers and a battl'."

"All right," said Barry, but Kid added, as he and the Shiner turned away:

"There's a cannon by the *Tribune* building, and some more by the other places. I sold all the extrys I had to the gov'nor and mayor and some other fellers at the City Hall. Some on 'em wouldn't wait for change, neither."

The Shiner and Kid had stuck to their business in spite of the mob, and they had made the most that was possible out of all the news that was going. They were ready to give it up and go home now, however, while Davis and Barry were once more excited tremendously by the news their friends had brought.

"We can slip out and scout around," whispered Dave. "We needn't be gone a great while."

"Come on," replied Barry; and in a minute or so

more they were hurrying through street after street, only to find at first that almost nobody else had had courage to try such an experiment.

"Seems as if most people hardly dared light up the fronts of their houses," remarked Dave.

Neither of them knew how desperately the rioters had striven to destroy all the gas-works, so that there should not be light anywhere upon such deeds as they were doing.

"What's that?" suddenly exclaimed Dave.

"Kind of procession," said Barry. "Hullo! Police guarding some colored people! Going uptown to save their lives. Glad the mob doesn't know what's at our house."

That was what all the women in it were repeating continually, but they did not know how hard it sometimes is to keep a secret that is known by a whole neighborhood. Darker and darker seemed the deserted streets, as the two boys pushed on toward the eastern edge of the city, for something like a roar of a great tumult led them.

"Crowds?" said Barry in a suppressed, excited voice. "Look, Dave! Did you ever see anything like that?"

"Quick!" said Dave. "Let's get to where we can see. There's something coming." They did not give a thought to any danger they might be prying into, and in a minute or so more they were among a thick

cluster of men, boys, and women on an old dray at the corner of Eighteenth Street and First Avenue.

Up the avenue all was a dusky pack of shouting men. All the windows of the houses seemed to be full of heads, and there were men upon the roofs.

There was a break in the density of the crowd near the corner, for a different kind of force had halted a little below.

"Howitzers!" exclaimed Dave. "Soldiers! Police! Not half enough."

Stones flew through the murky air. There was a ceaseless rattle of shots from the street mob and from the men on the roofs and at the windows.

"Dave!" screamed Barry. "The soldiers are going down. Oh! There!"

They were indeed dropping fast, although there was not light enough for their enemies to take good aim, but Barry's last exclamation had followed upon the first rifle-volley the foremost ranks had fired. He saw the blue flashes dart from the rifle-muzzles. He heard the shrieks and groans that followed, but that, and another, and another volley seemed to only enrage the crazy multitude. The densely-packed and yelling front of it was now pushed steadily forward by the unthinking mass behind. The cannon had not yet spoken; but just then one man sprang out in front of the mob, and an almost unearthly voice screeched and

howled in an unknown tongue, while the frantic shouter brandished a flag as red as blood.

"Palovski, the barber!" shouted Barry. "There he is, Dave, with the red flag."

There arose a fierce growl from several persons on and around the dray, and it seemed to be directed at Barry, but at that moment all other sounds were drowned in the thunderous roar of the cannon.

"Horrible!" exclaimed Dave; and a sort of shrieking cry sprang from the lips of all who saw or heard.

A storm of grape-shot tore its deadly way through the surging throng Palovski had been urging on to destroy the soldiers. The pavement was strewn with heaps and rows of lifeless or still struggling forms.

Again and again the howitzers sent out their messengers of death, while the rattle of shots from the houses doubled and trebled. It was all in vain. The brave men behind the guns were going down too fast and were too few. It was impossible for them to hold their ground.

"Look!" said Dave, "they've got to retreat! The mob has beaten them after all. Tell you what, Barry, that street looks like some places I saw around Gettysburg after the battle."

"Run!" hoarsely whispered Barry. "Didn't you hear what those fellows said about us? Quick!"

It had been a hard fight, but the mob had now

succeeded in not only defeating policemen, but infantry and artillery also. They had received a dreadful lesson as to the destructive power of guns throwing grape-shot, but they had not been at all weakened or depressed by it. As Dave and Barry said, there was no telling what the rioters might do next.

"Dave," said Barry after they had run to a safe distance, "what do you suppose became of Palovski?"

"He didn't believe they'd dare to fire," said Dave. "He wasn't more'n a dozen feet from the mouth of one of those howitzers, in a bee-line."

"Tore him all to pieces!" exclaimed Barry, with a shudder. "It was just such fellows as he that set 'em a-going."

The avenue where the fight had been was now very dark—too dark for anybody to see the dead men in uniform that marked the spot where one of the howitzers stood when it was fired. The gun itself had been dragged away, but its terrible work was proved by a ghastly heap a few yards farther along the bloody pavement. Half-way between, as if thrown there by the hand which had held it, lay the red banner of ruin which Palovski had carried, and he at least would never pick it up again.

The boys had not been absolutely forbidden going out upon this scouting expedition, and when they left

the house they had no intention of going so far or of being gone so long. Of course, their absence was very speedily discovered, and then it seemed as if a perfect flood of anxiety burst forth, as if it could follow them and bring them right home.

"They're in their good clothes, too," exclaimed Mrs. Redding. "Both of them put on their blue suits before supper."

While the others were talking, however, Lilian silently slipped to the front door. It was locked and bolted.

"They might come," she said, "and they might be in a hurry to get in. Why don't they come!"

She turned the key and pushed back the bolt, after dropping first the chain-bolt, but her heart beat fast as she turned the knob of the door.

"It's as still as the grave," she said, "but it seems as if there must be somebody out there." Open came the door, and she instantly exclaimed: "Why, I forgot the vestibule! There's an outer door stronger than this is."

That seemed to give her courage, for she tried it at once.

"The boys left it on the latch, so they could let themselves in," she said. "Oh!"

Her exclamation was hardly more than a breath and she did not shut the door she had opened so

stealthily. She held it open a few inches and peered out, for she had heard something; that is, she had half-heard a sound that was only half-made, for it was a sound of frightened panting.

"Oh, why won't some of them let me in?" it whispered. "Is it such a sin to be a black girl? Doesn't God care for black girls? Didn't he make me?"

"Come in! Come right in!" shouted Lilian. "Mother! Mrs. Redding! Here's a poor black girl running away from the mob!"

"Bress de Lord!" came back in the deepest mellow music that Diana Lee could utter. "Reckon he sent her to de right place. Come in, honey, whoebber you is. Dah isn't any debbil in dis house."

Up the steps, with a frightened, springing step, came a light form not much taller than Lilian's. The door was wide open, and she was drawn in by an eager pair of hands as she entered; but Lilian did not utter a word, and then the fugitive was all but smothered by Diana before she could answer the question:

"Who is ye, honey?"

"I was one of the teachers in the orphan asylum," replied the rescued girl. "I've been hiding——"

She was hardly able to say how or where, in her excitement, except as to a house from which she had

been compelled to go by the fear of its inmates that her presence might bring the mob upon them.

"They were good too," she said, "but they were frightened. They told me to go to the police station-house, but when I got nearly there the mob were burning it down."

She was getting calmer now, and her new friends were also able to think and speak a little less excitedly. She was very dark, but she was neatly dressed, and her speech did not contain a trace of the peculiar accent which distinguished Diana Lee's eloquence. Lilian noticed it at once.

"She is educated," she said to herself, "but no two of those colored women downstairs talk just alike."

"Do tell me your name," suddenly exclaimed Mrs. Redding; "I forgot to ask what it was."

"My name is Ida Hancock," said the dark girl. "My father and mother live in Boston. They were born there, and so were their parents. Our family is one of the oldest New England families. Father is a minister. I was educated at Mount Zion Seminary."

"Sho!" exclaimed Diana Lee with a sudden swell as if an attack of pride had seized her. "Sho! De gal! Nex' ye know she'll be turnin' w'ite!"

"She's just splendid, mother!" said Lilian in a tone that Ida could not hear. "Why, I never dreamed of such a thing! I'm so glad we've saved her!"

All talk was interrupted by a loud, repeated ringing of the door-bell. It was answered at once by Diana, with the rest of them behind her as a kind of rear-guard and skirmishers, and they heard her exchange a few swift words with somebody. Then the door shut with a bang, and there was a sound of heavy boots on the sidewalk, as if a man were going away and running his very best.

"Diana," asked Mrs. Redding, "what is it?"

"Dey's a-comin' heah!" groaned poor Diana, wringing her fat, black hands.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Redding. "Have they found out about you and the others?"

"De wahnin' is 'bout de mob!" replied Diana. "Dey's comin' to buhn de house on us. W'at shall we do?"

"The boys!" said Mrs. Randolph. "Dave and Barry! Oh, what can have become of them? They may have been murdered! This is horrible!"

"O madam!" sobbed Ida Hancock, "I'm afraid I have brought this."

"No, you haven't," said Mrs. Redding wrathfully. "I'm glad you came. Oh, how I wish my husband were here!"

Diana had again opened the door, in a half-frantic curiosity as to what might or might not be seen in

the street, and they now heard her suddenly scream out:

“Yah! De boys! Dey’s comin’! Bress de Lord! Dey isn’t hurt a mite, or dey couldn’t run! O Missus Redding! Hallelujah!”

What the rest shouted could not be so clearly made out, but hardly was the door shut behind Dave and Barry before Lilian told them:

“You are only just in time! Diana’s friends have sent her warning that the mob is coming to burn this house.”

“We’ll fight ’em!” shouted Barry. “Where are those revolvers, mother?”

CHAPTER XV.

FORT REDDING.

BARRY and Dave reached their home breathless, panting, horrified, but without any idea that it was not a safe refuge for them to run to. It had seemed to them, as they fled through the hot, dismal, and deserted streets, like a kind of fort, with a strong garrison of mothers and sisters and—well, and home, for every home is and should be a fortress.

Now, however, before they had a good opportunity to unload the terrible burden of news they had brought with them, they were told of the thrilling warning brought to Diana by the messenger.

Poor Diana! It was almost a relief to her feelings to know and to say that the coming peril was not altogether on her personal account. There had been even an exaggerated report made to the mob leaders of the number of colored people who had fled to Mrs. Redding's, or rather to Diana Lee's house, for safety.

"We must go somewhere," said Lilian. "We must get away as quickly as we can!"

"Where can we go?" exclaimed Mrs. Redding.

"We can't go anywhere!" groaned Mrs. Randolph; and it almost seemed as if she were right, and as if every path to safety were closed up.

"I know!" shouted Barry as a sudden idea struck him. "Come on, Dave. I'll get the axe. You fetch the step-ladder."

"What is it, Barry?" asked his mother.

"That house to rent! Don't you know?" he hastily replied. "Straight back from ours in the block on the other street. Go through our back yard into that back yard and get into it. It's empty."

"You can't get in; it's locked," said Mrs. Redding in a tone that was more than half-despairing.

"We can burst in the back door," said Barry. "Come on, Dave. The mob won't find any of us in this house."

"I'm ready!" shouted Dave, as he sprang away after the step-ladder.

"Bress de Lord!" remarked Diana. "I jist knowed he'd find some way o' lettin' us out."

"Mrs. Randolph," said Mrs. Redding, "we can pack up some things if we're quick."

Out went the boys and over the back fence; and then it was a wonder how rapidly the fastenings of the back door of the empty house gave way before the all but frantic blows of Barry's axe. He felt as if he were chopping for life—for a dozen lives.

"There!" he shouted, as the door went in; "now for the folks! We could go through to the other street if we wanted to."

"They'd follow us," said Davis.

"Not if they don't know where we've gone," replied Barry; but his heart sank a little as he acknowledged that danger.

It was drawing toward midnight, and all houses in the neighborhood were closed. Besides, none of them seemed to offer any promise of better safety. Something like safety could possibly be gained, if everybody could get far enough away from Mrs. Redding's house before the arrival of the enemy. Diana and her colored friends were already getting over the back fence, and they were trying hard to do it silently, but they were not succeeding very well, for the air was full of—

"Hush, you!"

"Don' say a word!"

"Jes' you keep still, honey!"

"Sho! Now! Hush up!"

"Don't ye make a loud soun'! Bress de Lord, I's ober de fence!"

The "house to rent" was of about the same size with Mrs. Redding's, and the new colored tenants did not seem inclined to pause in the basement they frantically rushed through.

"Right upstairs!" exclaimed Diana, as soon as she was in. "I's loaded with things. I'll jes' put 'em away an' go back foh some moah. But 'pears like I wanted to go up an' git out onto de ruff!"

Dave and Barry were quickly back in their own house, but their first anxiety was for a look at things in the street. They peered out at the parlor-windows, and for a moment they almost felt more hopeful, all was so night-like and so still. Could it be that there was any danger?

"Hark!" suddenly exclaimed a voice behind them. "Miss Lilian!"

"Ida, do you hear anything? Was that——"

"It's the mob!" shouted Barry. "I can hear them. What were they so still for? They are coming!"

The rush of men that was pouring along that street had made no effort at keeping silence; but they had already shouted much that sultry evening, and they were in haste now with a deadly errand on their hands. The mere tread of their feet had been nothing in the great tumult of the city until it drew very near.

Down came the windows. The blinds were shut and fastened, while Lilian and Ida Hancock darted upstairs to warn Mrs. Randolph and Mrs. Redding.

The seeming silence was gone, for suddenly all the street was flooded with furious rioters. It was a sort of Babel of shouts and threats and profanity, mingled

with fierce demands for the opening of the door and for the surrender of the colored people. A heavy stone was hurled through one of the parlor-windows, crashing the glass and the blinds, and through that opening Barry shouted back:

"No colored people here! All gone!"

A roar of savage denial replied to him, and it was as if any escape of their intended victims was regarded by the angry ruffians as an injury done to themselves. Their prey had been snatched from them, if it had been, and they would have revenge on anybody in that house.

The other houses on either side and across the street, were not only all closed but carefully darkened. The street-lamps were out, and only the torches carried by some of the mob threw any light upon the grimy faces turned up at Mrs. Redding's windows.

"Hurry, mother!" shouted Barry. "Dave and I've got the revolvers."

"Run, Lilian!" said Mrs. Randolph, "run!"

"I won't leave the boys!" shivered Lilian. "They're going to fight! I'm going to help! Do go, mother! I can run if I need to."

"Run, all of you!" yelled Dave. "Get out over the fence! They're coming up the steps now."

"We haven't a moment to spare," gasped Mrs. Redding. "I'm afraid it's too late. Shoot, Barry!"

There had been an effort made to save something, for there had been no doubt but what the house would be burned as well as plundered, like other houses assailed by that mob. With the help of Diana and her colored friends, trunks of clothing and a number of other things had been thrown over the back-yard fence. All the women had felt more courageous, too, while they were rescuing property from the robbers. Both Mrs. Redding and Mrs. Randolph had even now come downstairs with their hands full, but they dropped whatever it was, and seized Lilian just as she exclaimed:

“Why didn’t I get a pistol! I could shoot, too!”

“Now, Dave!” said Barry; “they are staving in the door!”

Loud rang the reports of those two revolvers. There was no such thing as taking aim, but no aim was needed in firing into such a pack.

There was a rattle of answering shots, a shower of stones and clubs, a crash of glass, and there were shrieks, groans, yells——

“Oh, boys!” came despairingly from the basement stairway. “They are breaking in the area-door, too. Come!”

“They can’t! It’s iron!” shouted back Barry as he fired again and again. “Run, mother!”

“Come now!” she screamed.

"Barry," said Dave, "my pistol's empty——"

"So is mine. Load up," said Barry. "They're hesitating 'bout something."

"Last chance we've got," said Dave with his hand full of cartridges.

It was an awful moment, for the front door was giving way.

Out in the yard there were now what seemed four shadows walking through the darkness, and turning to look at the house they had left.

"The boys will be killed!" groaned Mrs. Redding.

"Why don't they come?" screamed Mrs. Randolph.

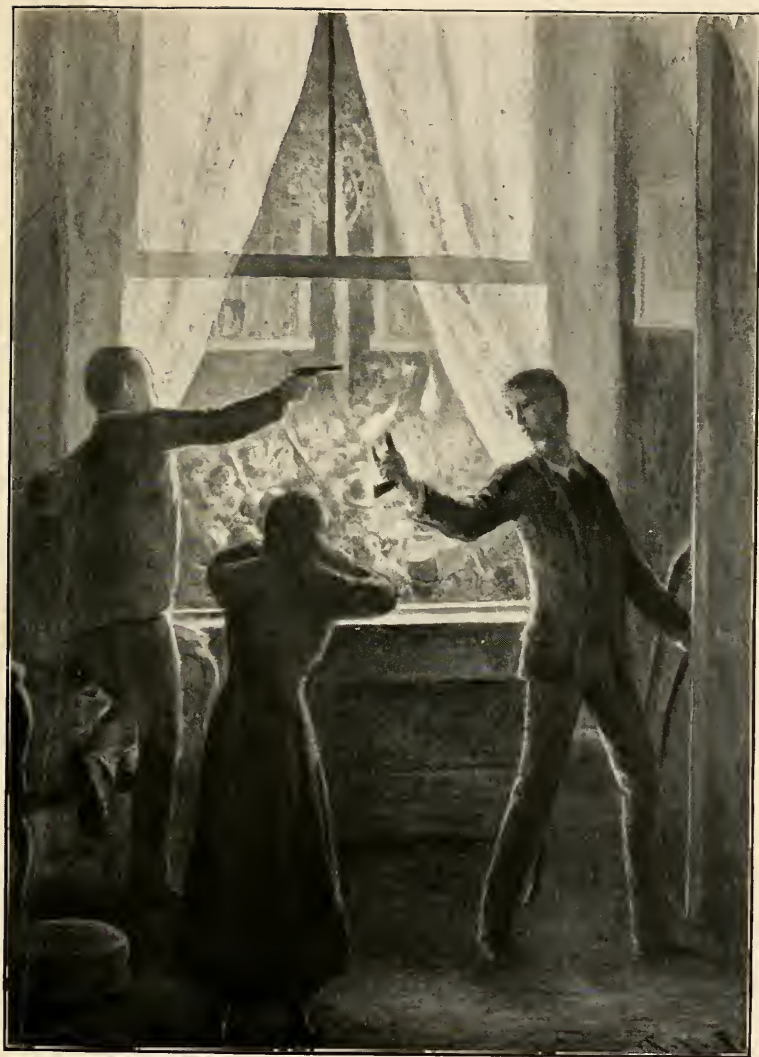
"They can do no more."

"What's that?" exclaimed Lilian. "Hark! I heard something!"

They all heard it, and they could not at once understand what it said, but it was the sound made by twenty rifles fired together, at the word of command, followed quickly by the precisely similar report of twenty more. It was at the moment when Barry shouted:

"I've loaded! There goes the door! The inside door won't keep 'em back a minute. Hear the glass break!"

He and Dave sprang out of the parlor into the hall, firing at the men who had rushed into the narrow vestibule, and some of these fired back while others shoved at the door.



"The inside door won't keep 'em back a minute!"

One volley, two volleys, three, four, in quick succession, a short distance up the street—and then a stentorian voice shouted:

“Charge bayonets! Charge!”

Down came the steady lines of steel. Shoulder to shoulder closed the disciplined files of stalwart men. Forward, unflinchingly, through a shower of shots and stones; for these were a full company of United States regular infantry, and behind them rolled the heavy wheels of two field-pieces. It was a detachment on its way to reinforce the soldiers who had been defeated on First Avenue, to rescue the wounded left there, to carry away the dead, and to finish the awful work that had been begun by the defeated detachment. It had found this fragment of the mob in its way.

Just in the nick of time!

“What!” exclaimed Mrs. Randolph in the back yard, “have the soldiers come?”

“Bress de Lord!” shouted Diana Lee, climbing over the fence with miraculous agility—for her. “I heerd ’em charge bay-nits!”

“My son!” Two voices said it, and two women darted back toward the house they had fled from.

The rioters in the vestibule had heard the volleys and the order to charge, and they knew that their comrades in the street were falling back. Before

them rang again revolver-shots. The door went crashing in, but the very men who had broken its frail barriers sprang back to look at things in the street.

A bayonet charge is a thing which only the best troops in the world can either make or face. It is so close, so sure, so merciless, so terribly effective, for the cold steel does not miss. It is the very desperation of battles, and the mob shrank and wilted before it. Back swiftly, steadily pressed, yelling, howling, beaten, then racing away for life, went the mob which had so nearly succeeded.

"Barry, are you safe?"

"Davis, are you hurt?"

"O Dave, where are you?" asked Lilian. "It is so dark!"

Dark it was, but Ida must have had a match in her pocket, for just then she struck one and passed it rapidly from one gas-jet to another, until the parlors and hall were a blaze of light. What a ruin the windows were! and stones had broken the globes of the chandelier!

"Mother," said Dave, as she hugged him, "the soldiers were just in time."

"Barry, you are hurt!" sobbed Mrs. Redding as she held him up.

"Something's the matter with my right leg," he

said; "but my pistol's empty again. I want to load up."

The officer in command of the troops had halted them before the house, that he might make sure of its safety before going further, while his men fired a finishing brace of volleys after the fleeing rioters. He was a tall, fine-looking young fellow, and he seemed to move with something of the precision of a machine, as the men under him had done in firing and in charging. He was now on his way toward the steps of Mrs. Redding's house, not walking in any haste or seeming at all excited. As he did so the brilliant glare of light showed him a pale-faced, flashing-eyed girl of perhaps about sixteen, whose hands were full of flags. That is, she had seized a roll of bunting out of which two staffs were sticking, and she was nervously unrolling it.

"Hurrah!" she shouted, as she darted out through the vestibule.

The lieutenant himself responded to her with a polite raising of his hat, and he, too, said "Hurrah!"

It was as if he had given a signal to his men, and they added a hearty round of cheers; but a man in the ranks remarked: "One of them flags is Confed."

"Come in, Lilian! Come in!" exclaimed Mrs. Randolph. "You are waving both flags!"

"I don't care if I am!" shouted Lilian. "Oh, how

glad I am they got here! They've saved us all! I think they are splendid!"

"Lieutenant," sang out Davis, "both of those flags are from Gettysburg!"

"All right," said the lieutenant, smiling and bowing to Lilian; but he turned to her mother and asked with precision:

"Madam, were any of the inmates of the house injured?"

"Yes, sir," replied Mrs. Redding from the floor, on which Barry had been compelled to sit down, with her beside him, "my son is wounded in the leg."

"Surgeon!" shouted the lieutenant toward his command. "This way, as soon as you've attended that man. Madam, I'll see how it is myself. Some of our men were hurt——"

"O Barry!" exclaimed Lilian, whirling around and pitching both her flags before her down the hall. "I didn't know you were wounded!"

"Not much, I guess," he said, "but Dave and I have been in a battle, after all. I hardly knew I was hit till it was all over."

"Soldier boy!" said the smiling lieutenant. "I felt that way myself. All right, madam. I'll bandage it now. The surgeon will do the rest. Sergeant, here! Help me put him on a sofa. I'll leave a guard, madam, but I think you will have no more

trouble. A force of police will be here in a few minutes. Our men are needed on First Avenue. I'll call in the morning. Good-night. Good-night, my girl with two flags, both from Gettysburg."

Off he went, and away marched his men, with the dangerous-looking brass field-pieces trundling behind them. How could he look so smiling, so polite, so almost humorous in the midst of such dreadful work, and just after a hard fight and a bayonet charge?

If Mrs. Randolph had indeed asked herself that question, she replied to it aloud:

"He is a genuine soldier. Such a gentleman, too. I wish I knew his name, but he didn't give it——" and then she joined all the rest, who were kneeling or standing around Barry, on the sofa.

Among them knelt a gentleman in uniform, who had just taken his fingers away from a neatly fitted bandage upon Barry's right thigh.

"There!" he said. "That furrow must have been ploughed by a ball from a smooth-bore gun, for it is not torn at all. Our ragged rifle-bullets make worse wounds than that. He will be out again before many days. Brave fellow! His mother and sister and aunt ought to be proud of him."

Mrs. Randolph stooped right down and kissed Barry, remarking:

"Well! if he and Davis are not really cousins, they

stood by each other like two brothers. We are proud of him, too."

"He is a brother of mine," said Lilian with great emphasis; but all that Dave could think of to say was:

"Does it hurt you much, Barry?"

"Smarts like everything," said the wounded boy, "but we beat them off!"

"You kept them at bay until help came," said the surgeon cheerfully, as he shut up his instrument case and looked around for his hat.

He was thanked tremendously, but it was to be doubted if one man could remember and deliver all the thanks that the household tried to send by him to the lieutenant and his men.

There was a soldier on guard at the door when the surgeon went away, but he had to remain only a few minutes before a strong squad of police arrived. Their first duty was to care for wounded men and to clear the street of several lifeless relics of the severe struggle it had witnessed. The traces of it upon the house front could not so easily be removed.

"The city will have to pay for it all, anyhow," said one of the police officers. "I shouldn't wonder if this riot cost our tax-payers several millions of dollars."

"Do you think the mob will be put down?" anxiously asked Mrs. Redding.

"Put down?" replied the officer. "Of course it

will. The old soldiers are gathering and arming, regiments of them. The militia are hurrying back. The police are getting the upper hand again. But it's been the hardest kind of battle fought right here in the city streets. There's no telling how many hundreds and hundreds of men have been killed or wounded."

After that there was a pretty quiet time, as if everybody was too worn out to say anything. Even the colored people, who had now come back and were trying to be comfortable downstairs, were talking in whispers, as if anything loud might bring back the mob.

"Dave!" suddenly exclaimed Barry.

"Hullo!" replied Dave. "Does that thing hurt again?"

"No," said Barry, "but don't you hear? Listen!"

"I declare! exclaimed Mrs. Randolph. "It's the sound of cannon!"

"I know!" shouted Dave. "It's the cannon the lieutenant had with him. He said he was going where we saw that fight. They've got there and they're fighting again."

"I don't believe he'll be beaten," said Lilian. "There they go again!"

The regulars and artillery, with a police force, were indeed in a hard fight with the mob, and they were

not beaten, but there was an officer of higher rank in command instead of the smiling lieutenant. When that fight was ended the strength of the mob there was broken.

It had long since been bed-time, but there was little sleeping done in Mrs. Redding's house that night. The next morning found Barry almost comfortable, though feverish; but a doctor who came to see him made Lilian almost angry by speaking lightly of so very dreadful a wound.

As the day went on, other people called at the house, and among them was Mr. Hunker.

"Mrs. Redding," he said, after a prying examination of the injury done to the house, "your havin' colored people araound makes you liabul for them damages. You provoked the mob to do it, and you are responsible. The city's got to pay, too, and they've got to pay me for a suit of clothin', and a watch, and a hat, and a pair of boots, and——"

"You'd better send them your bill, then," responded Mrs. Redding sharply; "but I shall not pay any rent until the house is put in good order again."

All that he or anybody else had to say, however, was as nothing to the talk of Kid and the Shiner, when they came up at noon to see Barry and to bring him some "extras."

Because they were not allowed to talk much in

Barry's room, they seemed to feel all the more a kind of duty to tell all they knew to Davis and Lilian and the rest.

"Tell you what," said Kid at last, "you folks are plucky to have the Stars and Stripes hung out in front of such a lookin' house as this is."

"I did that," said Lilian. "The police said it was all right. So did Lieutenant Allen when he came to ask how we were this morning. They said the mob would never come again."

"It's rigged out everywhere downtown," remarked the Shiner. "That means this 'ere mob is busted."

Barry lay in his bed looking out through the open window.

"Mother," he said feverishly, "I wish father would hurry and come home. When he gets here I can tell him I know what war is. I know what the flag means, too."

"It means peace and safety," said Mrs. Redding, "but it does seem as if we had to fight pretty hard to get them, and they haven't come yet."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE GREAT DAY THAT CAME.

 ALL New York felt pretty badly on the morning of Thursday, the 16th of July. Most people felt as if they had been up all night. They felt, too, that nobody could guess what kind of day it was going to be. It was a dreadful thing not to know whether or not the whole city was about to be plundered and burned, and it was said pretty correctly that the police, brave as they had proved themselves, were nearly exhausted by their long, hard struggle with superior numbers. The leaders of the mob actually believed that they had gained the victory and were soon to have things their own way, for they could not understand that their rising had gained any successes mainly by a sudden surprise, and that surprises do not last.

"Mother," said Barry toward noon, as he moved feverishly on his bed, "I want to get well right away."

"Of course you will," she said. "You are not wounded anything like as badly as your father is." And as she turned and looked out of the window it was almost as if she were more proud than sorry,

especially as both of her wounded soldiers were likely to get well so quickly.

"Oh!" exclaimed Barry, "how my leg hurts to move it! But I wish I knew what was going on. Where's Dave?"

"Why," said Mrs. Redding, "he went out. We don't know where he is."

"I want to see him soon's he gets back," said Barry; and every soul in the house was brimful of that very wish, for Dave had slipped out after news.

Nobody had seen him go, or he might have been kept at home, but he was now away over on Broadway, standing at a corner and listening.

"Musketry both sides of the city," he said. "There! cannon again. They say even the military have been beaten again and again. How smoky the air is! Hullo!"

He turned and looked down Broadway, for at that moment he heard something that seemed to encourage him, although it was not a very loud noise; nothing but a shrill fife and a couple of drums—barely enough music to march by.

"There they come!" shouted Barry. "Hurrah! Now we're all right!"

"That's the Sixty-ninth, sor," said a voice near him. "It's the Irish rigiment, home from Gittys-boorg. Thim's the b'yes to shtraighten things."

Up the street they came, a body of men to be proud of, beyond a doubt; but they wore a wearied look that hot noon-time, and Dave found out that they were to be scattered in garrison squads all over the city.

"There's more coming," said the half-sick-looking policeman who told him, "but this is the hardest day of all."

So it proved, in some respects, but Dave learned a great deal about New York before, late in the afternoon, he went home. He went in as he had gone out, without any help, and before any one expected him he was in the second-story front room where Barry lay. So were nearly all the rest of the household.

"Dave!" exclaimed Barry, "how's the mob?"

"O Dave!" said Lilian, coming in, "what did you see? Has anything happened?"

Right in the middle of half a dozen other questions, Dave answered them all.

"Fighting all day, but the soldiers are here, and they are going to fight the mob all night. More a-coming."

"That is good news!" said his mother, and the rest agreed with her; but he had only told exactly what came to pass.

Some of the severest fighting of the whole riot was done in the dark, or almost in the dark, that Thursday night. It went on from street to street, hour after

hour, but all the while there were more soldiers and fewer rioters. Midnight came before the mob began to feel that it was broken, but the central part of the city was cleared before sunrise, and by breakfast-time there was a kind of dull, anxious quiet, for the law had gained the victory.

Regiment after regiment came pouring in on Friday, and about all the duty given them was to march through the streets and let it be seen that they had really come, and that the battle in New York was ended. It was said that over fourteen hundred men had been killed in it.

Saturday morning there were workmen busy upon the repairs of Mrs. Redding's house-front, and business downtown was beginning to stir again; but the whole city needed Sunday to rest in.

After that, it was a matter of course that a pretty dull spell should follow such a tremendous excitement. Barry had an idea that it was so dull because he was in bed, until after he got up a few days later, and found that it was every bit as dull to limp around the house and wish he could get out of it.

Dave and Lilian said that it was because General Lee had retreated into Virginia, so that nobody could expect another great battle right away. So they and their mother took to reading, and did not have to think so much about the war.

Mrs. Redding almost agreed with Diana in her opinion that "Dah won't be nuffin of any 'count till dis hot wedder's ober, an' folks come back from whah dey's gone. We'll have all de boahders we want den, but de house 'pears awful empty jist now."

Even Kid and the Shiner, whenever they came to inquire about Barry's leg and ask if it hurt him much to walk, complained of a slowness in the news market. People did not seem to have that interest in extra editions which they once had. •

There was a great break in the dulness in one household one day, for a carriage drove to the door and a man on crutches got out of it. He did not have to ring the door-bell, for there had been faces at the windows of people waiting—waiting.

"Father!" shouted Barry, but Mrs. Redding could not say one word as she hurried to the door and opened it.

"Sho!" exclaimed Diana. "All o' you uns keep back an' let de pore soul hug him. Bress de Lord fer lettin' him come!"

Barry hardly limped as he, in a few seconds, followed his mother, and what those three said was not exactly spoken or heard. The best things that are ever said—well, they cannot be said at all, and they are understood just as well.

"How d'ye do, Colonel Redding?" said Dave, after

a glance at the new shoulder-straps that Barry's father wore. "I'm glad the surgeon was right about your leg."

"How are you, my young friend?" replied the colonel heartily. "This is a better place than the hospital tent where you saw me. Is this Mrs. Randolph? And her daughter? How d'ye do, Diana?"

The talking went on rapidly for a few minutes, but the whole of it could not be done in the parlor. There was one thought on the mind of Mrs. Redding which came out almost as soon as they were alone together in their room.

"Dear! dear!" she exclaimed. "I haven't any boarders to speak of now, but I hope they will all be back again in the fall. The mob scared away nearly all I had left. What shall we do?"

"Why, my dear," very cheerfully responded her husband, "you needn't worry about that. We don't need any boarders."

"Why don't we?" she asked.

"Why?" said he. "Well, we can get along on a colonel's pay and rations even in these times."

"Of course we can!" exclaimed his wife. "I didn't think of that. And your leg's almost well, too."

Letters had told a great deal, of course, but Barry and Davis were proud boys while the returned veteran listened to the story of the mob attack and

hobbled into the hall to see where they had faced the rioters.

"Hurrah!" shouted Colonel Redding. "Good for you boys! I wish I'd been with you. You did a brave thing! They held the fort!"

He said more than that, but Diana had a grief to unfold which she had kept to herself till then.

"Sho!" she said. "I had de big kettle full of boilin' water foh de mob, an' I didn't have no chance to put it on 'em. I done gone forgot it w'en I went ober de fence."

"Whatever became of Ida Hancock?" inquired the colonel.

"Ida?" said his wife. "Why, her friends came for her that Saturday and sent her home to Boston. I've had a letter from her. She is going to teach in another school this fall."

"Barry's going to school again, too," said his father. "It won't hurt him to have been a newsboy and a fighting man, but he must have something else."

"I'll be glad of that," began Barry slowly, for it was a new idea that he was hardly ready for; and while his mother was saying something about it, he turned to Dave and said:

"Wish you could go with me."

"I?" said Dave. "Oh, I've got to do something. I'm going to learn the banking business. I've a place

to begin next week, with Washington Vernon & Co., on Wall Street."

"Mr. Vernon is an old friend of our family," explained Mrs. Randolph. "I shall be glad to have Davis with him."

"That's tip-top!" shouted Barry. "By the time I get out of school Dave'll be making piles of money. I don't care. Just you go ahead, Dave."

"I must do something myself," said Mrs. Randolph. "Lilian thinks that she and I could keep a boarding-house. We have so many Southern friends."

"Why, Mrs. Randolph!" exclaimed Mrs. Redding, "I've thought of that! You can keep this house, then, and we will board with you. I'm tired of it, and I want to give all the time I can to my husband. Besides, you are a better manager than I am."

"I don't know about that," said Mrs. Randolph. "Lilian must go to school too. I want her to be as well educated as Ida Hancock. That girl astonished me. If all the colored people were like her——"

"They are not, then," said the colonel. "They're just like white people. Some are worth something and some are of no use whatever."

So all things began to get settled, but all were a long time in settling.

The year 1863 ended, and 1864 came and went, and so did 1865.

Boys who were over fifteen in the middle days of the Civil War were of almost army age when it ended. It was a dreadfully long, slow time, and all the country grew more and more weary of war and war news. The army called for more men from time to time, but there were no more riots anywhere.

There were no disturbances of any kind in Mrs. Randolph's boarding-house, excepting that Barry Redding now and then complained of the scornful way in which a girl of only nineteen could treat a young man of eighteen, one of the best oars in the Columbia College boat. But then that was when she threatened to box his ears for calling her a rebel, and when he was teasing her about certain letters that came to her frequently from the army.

Letters did come, and it was also true that Lilian did her best to be on hand to meet the postman.

The spring days of 1865 were very beautiful. Somehow or other, however, they did not seem to be appreciated. A sort of cloud was in people's eyes and over their minds and hearts.

"O Mrs. Randolph!" exclaimed Mrs. Redding one morning, "this is all so useless, these last battles. Everybody knows already what the end will be, and yet they go on fighting."

"Yes, it is dreadful!" moaned Mrs. Randolph, "but it must come to an end. I'm glad Davis is not there,

nor Barry, but then your husband is with Sherman; there may not be any battles down there."

"He is marching to the sea," said Barry. "I don't know whether I'd rather be with him or with Grant at Richmond. I ought to be somewhere."

"You ought to be just where you are," said Davis. "So ought I. I've thought it all over. What's that? Come on, Barry. Come along! There's news of some kind. Hear those guns?"

"Go—do!" said his mother. "There must be something." For what they heard was a scud of cannon.

Out they went, and the last thing that they saw, or only half saw, as they left the house and hurried toward Broadway, was Lilian at one of the parlor-windows, looking out and listening. It was the first they had seen of her that morning, and she drew back quickly for some unknown reason.

"Boom! Boom! Boom!" went the heavy guns of the forts in the harbor and of the great war-ships lying at anchor. Quickly after them followed a clangor of other sounds, for wherever there was a bell in any steeple or tower, somebody got at the rope of it and rang like mad. Men whom Dave and Barry never had met before stopped and shook hands with them. Women stood still in the streets and swung their handkerchiefs and wept aloud.

Flags went flashing up on flagstaffs or streamed from open windows.

"It is too good to be true, but it is true!" shouted Barry. "Richmond is taken! Lee has surrendered! Peace has come!"

"I'm old enough now to know it's the best thing for both sides," replied Dave soberly. "I can't go back to the house. I must go on to Vernon's."

"I will, then," shouted Barry. "No college to-day. Hurrah! I'll take a newspaper."

He stopped at a very neat-looking street-corner stand loaded with newspapers, magazines, novels, and knick-knacks, and saw nearly a dozen hands besides his own reaching out at the same moment.

"Your last chance, Barry," said a very loud, clear voice. "There'll be another extry up in no time."

"Hullo, Kid," said Barry. "Is that you?"

"Me and the Shiner," said Kid. "This is our stand. Been here a month. If we keep on this way, we mean to start a paper and print our own extrys. The Shiner's downtown."

It was no time for more talk, but Barry hurried home with his paper. As he drew near the house, he saw something that made him exclaim:

"They've got the news. Hullo! if that isn't Lillian's work!"

It must have been. One pretty large and brilliant

Stars and Stripes was already fluttering upon its staff from one of the parlor-windows, but over the front door were two other flags, crossed and half-tied with crape. Both of these were somewhat ragged and soiled, and one of them was such a flag as had gone down forever when General Lee surrendered.

"She has done just right!" said Barry.

"So she has," remarked a full yet half-husky voice behind him.

Barry turned and saw only a tall, fine-looking young fellow, with the gold leaves of a major on his shoulder-straps and with his left arm in a sling. It was a time for shaking hands, but Barry and the major shook hands without saying anything and walked on to the house side by side. It hardly surprised Barry, even when the major went right up the steps with him.

The door was wide open, and they walked on into the parlor. "Mother," shouted Barry, "where are you? The war is over! Peace has come!"

Nobody answered him, and he stopped suddenly as a pale-faced girl, dressed all in black, arose from a sofa upon which she seemed to have thrown herself, perhaps after arranging those flags over the door. Perhaps, too, a new idea occurred to Barry, for he turned and looked again at the officer who had so coolly walked in with him. "Hullo!" he exclaimed.

"Why, major, I know you now. How are you? Glad you've come. Lilian, I'm going up to find mother——"

He was gone, but another voice out in the hall was mixed with a sound of feet rapping the floor, as if some pretty heavy person were trying to dance.

"Sho! De gal! Bress de Lord! Hallelujah! De peace! Glory!"

"Miss Randolph—Lilian!" exclaimed the major. "Don't you know me?"

"Know you, Henry Allen?" she said. "We heard you were killed three days ago in the battle before Richmond!"

"Some other Allen," he said. "I'm as alive as I can be——" Nobody heard the rest of what they said, but Diana was now down in the basement, out at the door, in again, and it sounded as if she were singing a hymn.

Barry went upstairs shouting:

"Mother, peace has come!" But he told the rest of his good news rapidly, and added:

"Major Allen came home with me. I was real glad to see him again. So was Lilian. What a night that was——"

Perhaps he did not know exactly what to say, but his mother exclaimed:

"Lieutenant Allen? Why, then, he wasn't killed!"

"No, indeed, he wasn't," said Barry, "but he's a major now. Dark blue staff-straps. Left arm in a sling. Wasn't hurt much——"

"Oh, I'm so glad," interrupted his mother. "I'll go and tell Mrs. Randolph. Then I must see him myself. If all this isn't wonderful! Why, Barry, I'm hardly sure I'm alive! Your father——"

"That's it," said Barry. "We shall hear from him now and from Sherman's army. No more fighting for them, now Lee has surrendered. Their campaign's turned into a picnic. He'll be home before long."

"Just hear Diana!" exclaimed his mother. "I'm glad she can sing. I couldn't, but I can thank God!"

The city was brilliant with flags and wild with rejoicings, but most people, after all, seemed to feel very much as did Mrs. Redding, and were hardly sure whether they were alive or not. The war had been so long and they had become so used to it that it was strange and half-unnatural to be without it.

"Mr. Vernon," said Davis, as he walked into the banker's office, "this is the end."

"I'm glad of it!" said the old banker. "I'm as glad as anybody. The country has suffered enough. What did you say, Mr. Mapleson?"

"Not much," replied the icy-eyed politician, as coolly as ever, "but it will take some years to get anything

settled. Old times are gone, and we have a new time to build up—a new country.”

“It will be our country, God’s country,” said the white-headed banker reverently. “I’m really glad we are to have but one flag for all of it.”

“So am I!” said Dave.

It was just about that time that Mrs. Randolph, in the hall, called out to her daughter in the parlor:

“Lilian, dear! I’ve taken down both of those flags from over the door. This is not a day of mourning.”

“Do come in, mother,” said Lilian. “Major Allen is here.”

“I’m coming,” said Mrs. Randolph, rolling up the flags. “I shall be very glad to see him.”

He certainly had no reason to complain of his welcome; but then that was the very room into which he had walked, in a hot summer midnight of 1863, to inquire if any of the family had been hurt in the fight with the mob. He had been wonderfully welcome then.

Barry had not been able to remain long in the house, but had gone out after any more news that might be coming. If he did not obtain much right away, he saw something worth seeing when he reached the great open space called City Hall Square. It was packed solid with men, who had heard all there was

to hear and were absurdly telling it over again to each other and laughing and hurrahing.

He remained there awhile, as crazy as anybody else, and then he went down to find Dave. Toward evening they came home together, and then there was another great time, for Major Allen also had gone and returned, for he had been invited to tea and to spend the evening. It was a good deal as if he and Dave and Barry had all been soldiers on the same side or on both sides, to hear them go on, and Lilian caught herself speaking of Grant's troops and Lee's, all together as "our army."

"Mother," said Barry at last, "if I didn't meet old Hunker to-day, and you ought to have heard him!"

"The old skinflint!" she muttered.

"I met him away down on Wall Street," said Barry, "and I couldn't help asking him how he felt, and I guess I found out."

"What did he say?" asked Dave.

"Say?" laughed Barry. "Why, said he: 'Wall, i daon't see haow there's goin' to be any more money made, if there's goin' to be peace. You and your mother'll suffer by it. Your father, he'll have to quit the army, and his pay'll stop, and he'll have to find somethin' else to do. So'll all of 'em. I'm afraid haouse rents'll have to come daown, too.'"

"Why, the heartless—I don't know what to call

him!" exclaimed Mrs. Redding. "Anyhow, the city paid him twice over for the damage the mob did to this house. What is it, Diana?" suddenly asked Mrs. Redding, rising and stepping toward the door. "A telegram!"

She tore open, a little nervously, the envelope Diana held out to her.

"From your father, Barry," she said. "It's from Goldsboro, North Carolina. Safe and well, thank the Lord!"

When, at last, Major Allen arose to go, the evening was drawing toward a pretty late close. Much of the excitement had worn away and a peaceful, quiet feeling had come in place of it. It was at about that time that Barry remarked:

"I can remember away back in 1863, wondering what war was and what it was for. I found out in more ways than one. I know what soldiers are good for, too. If ever the country wants any again, it can count me in. I'll be as ready to follow the flag as father was, clean through to

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